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The Week-end Review

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The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

SUPERFICIALLY Mussolini still appears to be having things all his own way. He continues to pour troops and war materials into Africa while, in defiance of the most elementary justice, the arms embargo is retained against Abyssinia. Again on Mussolini's side is the curious fact that the special Council called for September 4th is merged into the ordinary Council meeting and the Abyssinian dispute placed far down the agenda, so that there is even a suspicion of doubt whether Mussolini's conduct will be dealt with as soon as the Council meets. The Duce can also point to the attitude of part of the British press which does its best to weaken Mr. Eden's hands in Paris by urging us to agree to what would amount to an Italian Protectorate over Abyssinia and to bring pressure to bear, not on Mussolini, but on the unfortunate Emperor of Ethiopia.

The Tide Against Mussolini

Beneath the surface the tendency runs in the opposite direction. It becomes increasingly obvious that Mussolini is waging a war for glory, that he hopes by attacking Abyssinia not so much to procure economic advantages (actually the war is likely to ruin him) as to divert attention in Italy from the desperate failure of Italian Fascism. General Smuts has done a public service by openly saying that war of this kind is a natural outcome of a Fascist dictatorship and by showing that South Africa has no sympathy with a war which might, as he tells us, produce catastrophe all over Africa, as well as in Europe. We understand, too, that Lord Hailsham and other Conservatives who are untroubled by the threat to the League system are now seriously roused by Mussolini's challenge to British domination in the Mediterranean. This attitude, potentially dangerous as it is, may strengthen Mr. Eden's hand, and Mussolini may perhaps even at this late hour be made to realise that he is playing with fire. He relies, no doubt, upon French anxiety to keep on good terms with him. But in the last resort France will prefer to break with Italy rather than with Great Britain and the whole League. If Mussolini refuses all reasonable settlement it is the business of the League Powers at once to consider how they may most effectively render it economically impossible for him to continue his wicked and crazy adventure.

The Troubles in France

Quiet, of a sort, has returned to the French dockyard towns, Brest and Toulon, and the shipping strikes at Havre and other ports have been settled by timely concessions to the strikers, who had the satisfaction of proving that the attempt to make their cuts retrospective went beyond the powers conferred by M. Laval's decrees. There seems to be a tendency to modify reductions in the case of some very small incomes. French political opinion has undoubtedly been taken aback at the vigour of the protests, and at the rapid progress made recently by the *front populaire* of the Communists, Socialists and Radicals of the Left wing. The *Journal Official* has been publishing the innumerable new decrees in the form of a serial story, so that it is still impossible to get a complete picture of their effects. They seem, however, in some respects to go much less far than earlier forecasts suggested. The compulsory reductions in retail prices turn out to be confined to meat; and the removal of certain quotas on imported industrial goods affects no commodity of primary importance. A special committee under M. Rist, of the Bank of France, is to investigate the whole position of quotas, and may recommend further changes; but for the present nothing much is being done. Agricultural quotas remain entirely unaffected by the decrees.

M. Laval and the "Front Populaire"

Doubtless M. Laval, at his conference with the Prefects from all parts of France, urged the necessity for further steps to bring down the cost of living by local pressure. But, in face of the demand for higher prices from agriculturists and some industrialists, including the coalowners, it seems most unlikely that a great deal will be accomplished. The reduction in interest rates, if it can be maintained, may do a little to stimulate business; but with the franc at an unchanged gold value it will hardly do much. There is more hope in the decision to speed up M. Marquet's public works scheme, and to place considerable funds at the disposal of the local authorities for public works of their own. The local authorities are expected to meet the interest charges out of the savings made through the economies recently effected by decree—that is, chiefly out of the reductions in the incomes of the *fonctionnaires*—but they seem unlikely to do this on any large scale. The evidence of the past fortnight shows that the discontent in France with the financiers' hold over the Government is deep and widespread, and suggests that most of the harvest is being reaped by the *front populaire* and not by the Fascist and semi-Fascist groups of the Right. French Fascism seems at the moment to be receding, and French left-wing Republicanism reasserting itself. But can the *front populaire* find a leadership behind which its somewhat heterogeneous groups can rally in support of a common positive policy?

Mr. Hoover Intervenes

Some early manoeuvres towards the presidential campaign were a certain result of the confusion in Washington and the Republican success in the Rhode Island by-election. But the party opposed to Mr. Roosevelt did not want an intervention at this stage by Mr. Hoover, for if there is one thing upon which the party managers are unanimous it is that the ex-President should not try his hand at political tactics. He has, however, moved to the attack, and in a manner plainly implying that he may wish to secure the Republican nomination next June. Mr. Hoover declares that the New Deal is poison, that the fundamental liberties of America have been trampled upon, and that Congress has surrendered to the Executive and authorised such a concentration of power in the President as to create the most fundamental issue since the Civil War. The adoption of Mr. Hoover's line of attack would mean that the Republican party, hitherto identified with the principle of strong federal Government, had taken over the old Democratic doctrine of State rights—which would be absurd. The Republicans are beginning to think they can win in 1936, and they are heartened by Senator Huey Long's ambition to be the Democratic candidate. He cannot win the nomination in 1936 but as an independent candidate he might create a sufficient schism in the Democratic Party to bring about Mr. Roosevelt's defeat.

Strikes Against Relief

Mr. Roosevelt's work-relief method has provoked what may well prove to be the gravest popular outbreak of his term. Labour resentment is condensed into the angry assertion that the President's policy means " Work for half-pay, or starve," while the Unions everywhere are convinced that the drastic cutting down by the Federal Relief Administration of the wages on the work-relief projects must act as an enormous reinforcement of the employers' drive to reduce wage-scales throughout the country. The Unions are demonstrably right, while there is no answer to their contention that full rates on Public Works enterprises and the half-rates of work-relief cannot be maintained together. The heavy-handed General Hugh Johnson is in charge of work-relief in the New York district, and he is able to quote the President in support of his curt announcement that there can be no relief for men who refuse work on the Government's terms. This must be taken as the latest illustration of the policy that keeps America free from the " morale-destroying dole." Conditions being desperate, the Government wins the first round. But the victory, such as it is, portends an appalling winter situation. There is no hope that Labour can be induced to accept what is at best a miserable makeshift. Congress meanwhile is still struggling with the Taxation Bill, which has undergone drastic amendment in the Senate Committee. The graduated corporations tax remains, but the inheritance tax has been struck out. The Senate is seeking to get rid of the " soak-the-rich " clauses, and to devise a more general scheme of new taxation. We should say that the one aim need not exclude the other.

The School-leaving Age

The thirteen months that have elapsed since Lord Halifax made the famous pronouncement which was intended to demolish indefinitely all hopes of raising the school-leaving age have not been comfortable months for the Board of Education. The issue which was intended to be shelved has been forced into the foreground. Lord Tweedsmuir and Dr. Mallon are able, after a year of effective work, to claim virtual unanimity behind what they have made a national cause; while Lord Nuffield's unqualified endorsement from the employers' side has exploded the favourite argument of reactionaries like Lord Hugh Cecil that the raising of the age will increase industrial costs and impoverish the country. What will be the effects on unemployment of raising the leaving age depends partly on how long the step is postponed, partly on the age fixed and the stages by which it becomes effective, partly on the administration as regards exemptions and partly also on the state of employment at the time. The extent of the home market light industry boom has tended so far to absorb boy and girl labour; cities like Birmingham are having to recruit from outside. Undoubtedly a higher leaving age will make it more attractive to start new light industries in the North and

West, by creating a juvenile labour shortage in the Midlands and South: this is probably as it should be. Effects on labour conditions and on employment of able-bodied adults are bound in any case to be beneficial, even if the economic argument for raising the school age is sometimes overstated. Whether the step is taken on economic or on educational grounds matters little; it is sound on either count, and the movement in its favour is strong enough to worry a Government with an election not far off.

The Teachers' Freedom

Oxford is the scene this week of an enormous educational jamboree of teachers and educational authorities from all over the world. There are three big official conferences and an educational exhibition. A number of smaller bodies have seized the occasion to hold meetings of their own while the main conferences are in progress. Of these far the most interesting is the Provisional Committee on Academic Freedom, whose object is to safeguard the independence of teachers throughout the world, and to do what it can to counteract the world's tendency to impose upon teachers tests of opinions by the dominant power. This Committee is supported by a memorandum signed by several hundred university teachers, including some of the foremost academic names in this country. At its Wednesday's meeting it was addressed by French authorities as well as by Prof. J. L. Myres, G. D. H. Cole and Bertrand Russell. Mr. Russell dealt with the danger that teachers would be compelled to make war drill for children part of their regular duties, and his point was aptly reinforced by M. Mauron, who pointed out that academic freedom was one of the first casualties in Fascist countries which were able, as in the case of Italy, to poison the public mind and prepare for war because the liberal professions were muzzled. It is to be hoped that the Conference will set up a strong Vigilance Committee, similar to that already existing in France, to prevent encroachments on the teacher's liberty in this country where so far a large measure of freedom still exists.

O.T.C.s

At recent speech-days a number of headmasters, minor royalties and ministers of the Gospel have manfully defended the O.T.C. It is all the more amusing therefore to find in a professional military journal, *Fighting Forces*, a well argued and severe criticism of the O.T.C. on the ground that it gives boys a dislike of soldiering and accounts for the present shortage of candidates both for the Regular and Territorial Armies. In the mouth of apologists for the O.T.C. this argument has always seemed suspiciously Pecksniffian. For who can believe that a school runs its O.T.C. as a form of anti-militant vaccination? But an argument may be true, though the motives of those who use it are disingenuous. And anyone who has suffered the hideous boredom of platoon-drill is likely to agree that most boys regard the Corps with nothing but dislike. But the real danger of the O.T.C. is that it is an institution ready for serious use in creating a war mentality and that in spite of the pretence that it is voluntary it is in fact in most schools compulsory.

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AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS

The effect of the unemotional pages of the Home Office's new handbook on Anti-Gas precautions* is to turn what has hitherto been an horrific fantasy into a close and appalling reality. It is as if people who had been brought up to believe vaguely in the Calvinist hell suddenly felt on their faces the flames from the pit which is bottomless. The handbook is not, of course, meant to frighten but to reassure. It explains that although all the most important countries of Western Europe are parties to the promise of the Geneva Convention of 1925 not to use poison gas, "nevertheless the risk of the enemy using poison gas remains a possibility and cannot be disregarded." For possibility we must read certainty and remember that these home precautions are not a substitute for, but are complementary to, an enormous expansion in the development of our own offensive aviation which is already hard at work preparing to drop gas bombs on other people. It is officially stated that to provide effective home precautions against gas attacks would mean setting up gas-proof shelters for the entire population at an estimated cost of £1,000–£1,500 millions. This, we understand, the Government has no intention of doing. The responsibility is fastened upon the individual and upon the local authorities. The Government's contribution is to tell the rest of us what to do if we are attacked and to arrange for counter attacks on other people. Mr. Baldwin's famous and candid words remain the precise truth: "The only defence is in offence, which means that you have to kill women and children more quickly than the enemy if you want to save yourselves."

Mr. Baldwin's remark is terribly substantiated by this handbook. There is no defence. Matters are indeed far worse than the Home Office suggests, for, while it makes clear that high explosive shells would accompany gas bombing, it omits to say what we are to do when various gases with opposite actions are used together, or used, as they will be, in conjunction with thermite, which can be dropped in bombs weighing only two pounds, each able to start a fire which cannot be extinguished by any means so far discovered. Nor does it make any mention of new gases which we know to be almost ready for use. They are being kept in reserve in each country as the "surprise" weapon with which the tacticians of every army hope to win the next war. But let us take the handbook as it stands. The ordinary householder's chief defence is to shut all his doors and windows and to make one room airtight. A basement room has the advantage in security against explosives. An upstairs room has much more security against gas. He can take his choice. He must board up the windows of the selected room outside in order to prevent them from being smashed by the concussion of shells, and we are told how many people can live in a gas-proof room of a certain size for twelve hours. We are not told what they are to do at the end of the twelve hours if, as is probable, the other windows are broken and the district not yet freed from gas or gas contamination. Nor are we told how this programme is to be carried out in any thickly populated area where several families live in each house and where there is often an average of at least two persons per room. The handbook makes no pretence that effective gas masks can be provided for more than a tiny fraction of the population and it admits that the full costume necessary for those who must work outside during an air-raid is so stifling as to be unusable for any prolonged period. It discusses a temporarily effective gas-mask and a costume in which only a small part of the body would be liable to the burns of mustard gas or lewisite. It does not tell us of any way of guarding children or animals—though the Union of Democratic Control pamphlet *Poison Gas* informs us of a Frenchman who has invented an ingenious device for sewing children up in cowhide while the father, if alive, pumps in oxygen at intervals. A great deal of attention is necessarily devoted to the problem of decontamination, for mustard gas and lewisite lie on the ground in liquid form and may continue to kill for several weeks after a raid. Some idea of the impossibility of the task of decontamination may be gathered from the information that boiling may be necessary to free clothes from contamination and that anyone who walks in a street that has been contaminated may have to take his leather boots to be treated at a special depot; while if a concrete surface has been soaked with liquid mustard gas "it may be necessary to break up the surface and relay it." The handbook classifies the effects of several types of gas, but does not emphasise the fact that of all the deaths known to man, there are few more painful than death from mustard gas, though some of the new gases are said to produce an even more intense agony. It would be useful if, when reprinting this handbook, the Home Office would add short descriptions by eye-witnesses—we should be happy to contribute one ourselves—of deaths by gas in the last war.

**Air Raid Precautions Handbook No.* 2 (H.M. Stationery Office, 6*d*.).

This is a very inadequate summary of the Home Office's careful account of all the complicated methods which the ordinary citizen aided by his local authority is supposed to take to lessen the chances of death, but it is enough to make it clear that such precautions are almost meaningless except for the very few. While Lord Londonderry, who has boasted of his efforts to prevent the abolition of aerial bombing, may successfully secure his own house in London against gas or retire into the comparative safety of his Durham estate, the mass of the population in poorer districts would be virtually helpless. Instead of wasting our time on such precautions for the poor, it would be cheaper and more humane to make stocks of morphia available for those who prefer a gentler death.

The result of any large-scale gas, explosive, and incendiary bombardment of a big city would be a panic-stricken rush by the mass of people for the open country. Some might prefer to storm the big houses in the West End where there were known to be effective gas-proof rooms. This should keep the police and soldiers busy. The only hope of winning a war of this kind is, as Mr. Baldwin has shown, that what is known as the morale of the civilian population in the enemy country would be destroyed before that of our own population. The object of all air-raid precautions is not so much to persuade people to spend money on quite inadequate defences as to make them believe that these defences will at least give some security and therefore to postpone panic until after the outbreak of war itself. Consequently the keynote of this handbook is discipline. The population is to be regimented before the war because it will be too late after war has begun. We are to be drilled in the use of gas masks, to be told where the nearest shelters are, to equip our houses with gas-proof rooms and join up as special constables, Red Cross orderlies, or firemen. We are to get into the habit of regarding this horror as inevitable; we are to show our British courage by not getting excited. If we display our characteristic ability to die more quietly than other people, they may surrender first.

We publish to-day a letter by Mr. Reginald Stamp, a prominent member of the L.C.C., who was one of the speakers at a meeting held last week to consider alternatives to this ghastly programme. Several well-known Labour spokesmen, as well as technical experts, were present, and if their expressions of opinion are any indication of a determination to act, the Labour Party Executive, which hurriedly committed itself to co-operation with the Government in carrying out these precautions, may find itself surprised by the force of the opposition at the next Annual Conference. But this is no party issue; it is a choice which affects everyone. A number of local authorities have already refused to accept the Home Office injunctions, and some have set up sub-committees to examine the whole issue. An intelligent local authority may decide that if precautions are to be carried out at all, they must be complete. If so they must spend many times as much as the Government proposes. They must erect huge gas-proof shelters and insist on commandeering the houses and taxing the incomes of rich people in order as far as possible to make the risks of death equal for rich and poor. In any case, they must reject the present fraudulent policy. For the individual the question is vital. He is being asked to accept as inevitable a situation which might never have arisen if the Government had not itself given the lead in jettisoning proposals for air disarmament, and is invited voluntarily to take the first steps towards conscription, to put himself at the disposal of the Government as if war had already been declared. He is to forget that the one consideration that is likely to check a bad Government—and we may have Governments much less anxious for peace than the present one—is the fear in a Government's mind that the ordinary civilian understands too much about foreign policy and about war to be willing to fall in quietly and take what's coming to him.

THE NEW KULTURKAMPF

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY]

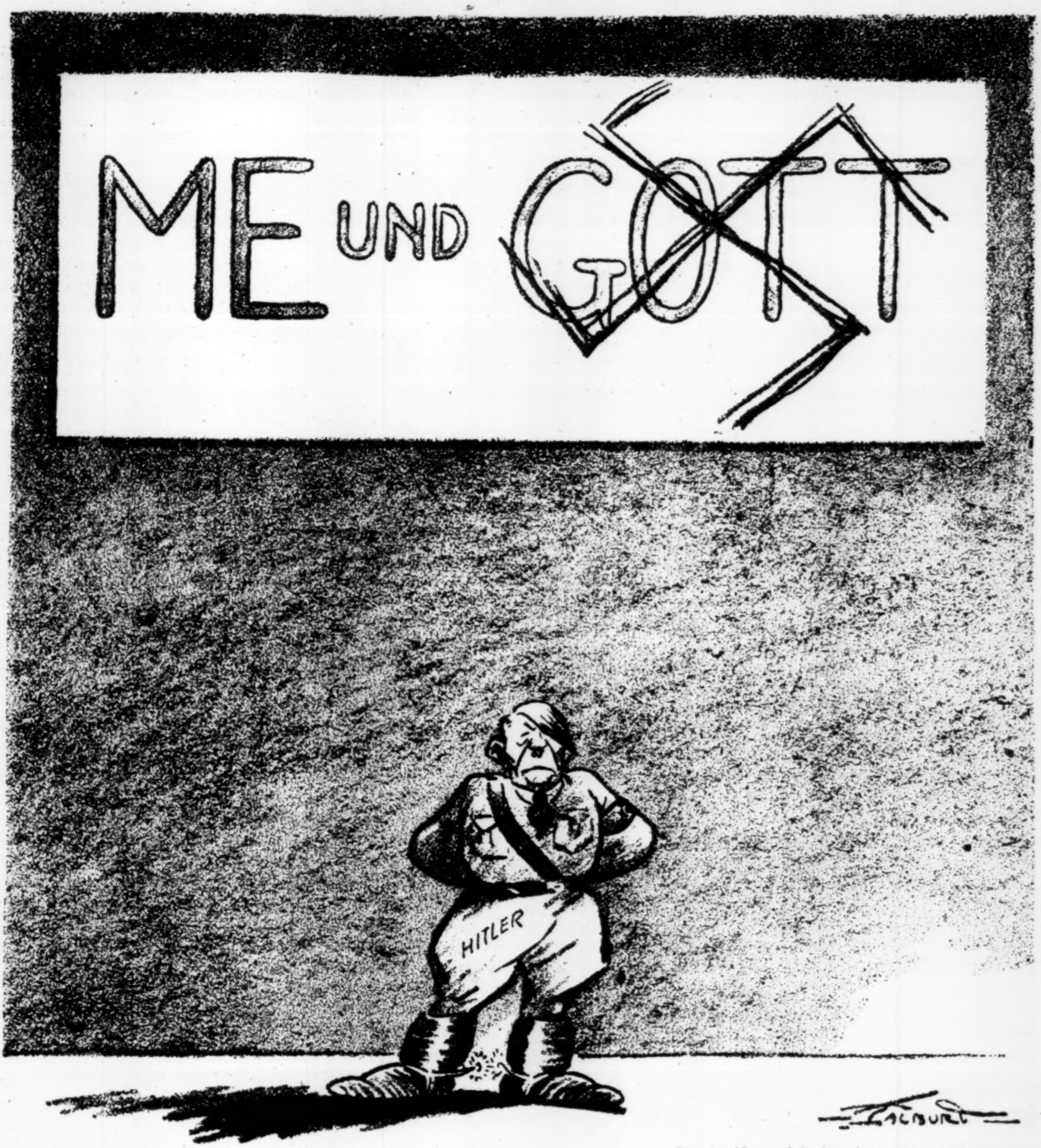
IN the minds of German Catholics the impending *Kulturkampf* is of a more decisive character than that conducted by Bismarck sixty years ago. They are convinced that their resistance against the omnipotent State and its dark forces, against neo-paganism and against the cult of violence, is not only in defence of their Church and the rights solemnly conceded to it. They regard it as a struggle for the fundamental principles of German civilisation and for their country's future. They know that its conduct cannot be left to the Holy See or to their Bishops alone—though they anxiously await the watchword to be given out at the Fulda conference of German Bishops which will assemble during the next few days.

They are well aware that it is they who will have to bear the brunt of the fight, that it is upon them that the full force and brutality of the totalitarian State will be turned. Clergy and laymen alike are however resolved to see the struggle through both as Catholics and as Germans. Like their Protestant brethren they are at bay for the sake of their country and their people, no less than for the sake of the Church. Anybody who has been able to talk intimately with German Catholics during the last few weeks must have been struck by the spirit of holy warfare with which they are imbued and the all-pervading conviction that fate has laid upon them the duty of taking up the gauntlet against paganism and barbarism for a nation which they love as fervently as any other Germans.

During the last few weeks the fight against the Roman Catholic Church has been greatly intensified. The masses have been stirred up by manifestations against so-called " political Catholicism "—by which is meant any state of mind incompatible with the Nazi idea of the proper relationship between Church and State. Herr Rosenberg, the Nazi " Leader of Culture," stung to fresh anger by the Vatican's ban upon his works, is carrying on a lively campaign against what he calls the " Dunkelmänner," or Catholic opponents of the various brands of Nazi ideology—particularly, of course, his own.

The trials of members of religious orders for currency smuggling have been exploited to the full in order to maintain an anti-Catholic spirit amongst the masses. Anti-clerical caricatures are published throughout the press and especially in *Das Schwarze Korps*, the official organ of the S.S. protective guards. Fat and greasy priests of malevolent aspect are depicted as plotting against the simple, healthy, honest members of the Nazi party. Any offence, whether civil, political or criminal, attributed to a priest or nun is given tremendous prominence in the press; young people belonging to the Catholic Church are subtly presented as obeying standards humanly or nationally inferior to those proclaimed by the

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT!



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Party. The whole apparatus of the press has been set to work to prove that no good Catholic can be a good German, or *vice versa*.

The favourite target remains, of course, the Catholic associations which have, ever since the Concordat was signed, failed to enjoy the protection that Article 31 purports to afford. Numerous members have been arrested for alleged attacks on the Party and the State, for maltreating members of the Hitler Youth organisations and for similar offences. Wherever friction occurs the Catholics are described as the assailants. At Solingen a hostel of the Hitler Youth group was devastated; the malefactors wrote inscriptions on the walls denouncing themselves as Catholics. The hostel in question had been closed for some little time before the desecration was detected—locally it is said, in order that members of the Hitler Youth might prepare it at their leisure. At Werne, in Westphalia, several young workmen were arrested for distributing slanderous poems on the currency trials and ribald couplets directed against the Bishop of Münster. The Nazis asserted that these had been composed by the workmen, but in point of fact they are well known and often sung by the Storm Troopers and S.S. on the march and at Nazi meetings.

More recently young Catholics have been openly accused of being connected with Communists. The Bishop of Freiburg having asked for evidence, "Communist" pamphlets proposing co-operation between the Catholic and the Communist youth were conveniently found shortly afterwards in Munich. Catholics compare this with the Reichstag fire technique. In an open letter, the secretary of Cardinal Faulhaber, the Archbishop of Munich, had expressed the hope that the *Gestapo* may discover the authors and printing office of these obscure pamphlets. Active and ingenious though it is, this task has so far proved beyond the *Gestapo's* powers. Nevertheless the *Voelkischer Beobachter* persists in regarding these pamphlets as genuine and they may afford a basis for a fresh series of allegations.

The part played by the so-called "Catholic" press (the decline of which to its present position would require an article to itself) is stranger still. Not one of the former Catholic papers, such as the *Germania* or the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* dares to tell the truth about this scandalous misleading of public opinion. More remarkable still, they are compelled by Dr. Goebbels not only to print the official reports and communiqués manufactured at his headquarters, but also their own commentaries condemning the various "crimes" for which Catholics have been punished. It is believed here that this is being done in preparation for a final dissolution of all Catholic associations—to be justified, with chapter and verse, by the fact that "even Catholic newspapers have been impelled time after time to deplore the criminal and felonious acts committed by politicians wearing the mask of religion." Having performed this function it is likely that the former Catholic newspapers will themselves be liquidated as relics of "political Catholicism."

There is still a Concordat between Germany and the Holy See. It was signed on July 20th, 1933, and quickly ratified as being the first international agreement to which the Nazi Government had set its signature.

In the opinion of the Vatican it was almost as quickly broken. The German Government, however, denies this by manipulating that elastic phrase "political Catholicism" with which Herr von Papen made such successful play when dealing with his opposite number at the Vatican to whom, as in Italian, it implied a very different background. The Church, say the Nazi apologists, is not being attacked, but only individual German Catholics foolish enough to oppose the Third Reich. Freedom of worship and doctrine is respected, it is maintained, and was indeed secured by the Nazis for Catholics when they "overthrew Communism." It is pointed out that Catholic associations and the Catholic press do still in fact exist. They are, of course, not allowed to show any external sign of their existence. State officials and their families are, it is quite truthfully asserted, permitted to be members of Catholic associations. The fact that such membership implies resignation from their State positions is not mentioned. In reply to the question why certain Catholic workmen's unions and juvenile associations were dissolved last week, it is pointed out that they had committed "political obstruction." A State based like the present one on "positive Christianity" would, of course, never interfere with religious convictions as such. And so on.

The Vatican has in the meantime realised its mistake in taking words for facts and phrases for realities. Naturally it continues to insist upon the full provisions of the Concordat being maintained. An official note on the Reich violations of this instrument is understood to have been delivered in Berlin last month and stronger protests will follow in due time. But protests are not an effective weapon; the State authorities hide behind the Party and the Party hides behind the State authorities. Where Herr Rosenberg's opinions are concerned he is put forward as a private individual. When any Catholic attacks him, however, he has committed an offence against a Nazi official.

The Concordat is only one position in a struggle the ultimate object of which is Christianity itself and the maintenance of Germany within the orbit of western civilisation. This is the present task as understood by German Catholics and their leaders in Germany and Rome.

There can be no doubt as to the political effects of a new *Kulturkampf* on Germany. German Catholics are not rebels; they will fight for their faith and for their Germany, for nothing else. But that the struggle against Catholics with its unfair methods is highly destructive of political morality—not of the Catholics, but of their opponents—is a simple truth which ought to be understood by any authority, even by the Nazi Government. The charge of political and moral decomposition advanced by the Nazis against the Catholics falls back on the Nazis themselves. In a letter to *Reichsstatthalter* Wagner of Baden, written on July 24th, the Archbishop of Freiburg—formerly Herr Hitler's strongest supporter in the German episcopate—solemnly pointed out this responsibility to the German authorities. Will they understand what they are about? *Caveant Consules. . . .*

A LONDON DIARY

CAPTAIN Kane, the English merchant sailor who was sentenced to two years and eleven months' imprisonment in Majorca for assaulting the police, is apparently to be pardoned. It was a fantastic sentence. Unfortunately for the Captain his affair occurred at a time when, as a result of the October revolt, any offence against the police in Spain was tried by a political tribunal. While the Spanish authorities are tacitly admitting a mistake in the case of Capt. Kane, the news comes of a new and far worse example of Spanish justice as at present administered. A journalist named Sirval was murdered last autumn, in Oviedo, by Lieut. Ivanov, a Bulgarian in the Foreign Legion sent to suppress the miners' revolt. It was a brutal and cold-blooded affair. Ivanov has just got six months. The last has not been heard of this scandalous sentence, for it is well known that Sirval was murdered because he had collected details of atrocities committed by the Foreign Legion. A group of distinguished writers and politicians, led by Unamuno, whose name means more to the rest of the world to-day than that of any other living Spaniard, and Besterio, the leader of the Socialist party, has issued a protest demanding the re-trial of Ivanov and denouncing the lawless methods of the Lerroux Government. In the meantime, it is obviously cheaper to kill a journalist in Spain than to hit a policeman.

* * *

Apropos of Captain Kane, my friend X., who has lived much in Spain, remarks that even at the best of times, in order to obtain anything in Spain from justice downwards, it is necessary to have "influence." *Influencia* is not merely helpful;

it is vital. And it works in peculiar ways. Gonzalez Pena, the miners' leader, escaped the death sentence because the Republicans reminded Gil Robles that they had not executed General San Jurjo after his Monarchist revolt. And, when politics swing round again in a few years' time, as they presumably will, *influencia* in this subtle form will ensure the release of the rebels who have recently been sentenced to ten, fifteen and twenty years' imprisonment. Spanish justice may be called corrupt, but it should rather be called only too human, an astonishing mixture of outrageousness, mercy, and a realistic sense of future embarrassments. Asked why they saluted the self-styled Catalan President when he was a prisoner charged with high treason on a liner in Barcelona Harbour last autumn, the police replied: "Who knows if the Government will not change and he really become the President?"

* * *

In Cordova recently X. heard there were over a hundred youths in the town jail from one small village alone. He arrived at the jail when the peasants were taking panniers of food into their relatives. The Guard were sitting in the gateway eating their dinner off tin plates, and through the inner bars X. saw the prisoners talking in a roar to the visitors who had been admitted. They were mostly women, and he asked a few questions of them when they came out. He was soon surrounded by a shouting crowd, including one eagle-faced virago who shook her fist and cried: "There is no justice in Spain. Seven months and no trial yet." This was shouted mainly for the benefit of a high military official of the prison, who had come out to sit on the wall nearby with a revolver in his belt, to eat an orange. When they had gone, X. saw a humble attempt at *influencia*. A hungry-looking workman who said he was a prisoner launderer approached the officer and asked: "Do you know so and so? He comes from such and such a village. He said he was a conscript under you in Morocco. He is in the prison. His mother asked me to mention it. . . ." The officer stared through him. "No," he said, and continued eating his orange. The frightened workman went off, now able to tell his family he had put in a word for his friend.

* * *

Few listeners have even heard of Lionel Fielden, who leaves England this week to become Director of Indian Broadcasting. Those who are aware at all of his work in the B.B.C. know that the creative and unusual element that has persistently cropped up in the development of broadcasting in this country has owed as much to him as to anyone. His fight for cultured standards has been uncompromising. To the superficial observer he seems "highbrow." The epithet would be misplaced. His standards have not been conventional or academic: they have been different standards designed for a new medium. Though he is himself the product of the tradition of a leisured aristocratic culture, he early saw that broadcasting was for the masses and that his problem was to make available to a new public the truths and beauties of a common heritage. He became absorbed in this problem of presentation, and threw himself into it in the spirit of the creative artist whose own sensitive enjoyment of life is tempered by a keen interest in the conflicts and perplexities of modern society. He has an urgent sympathy with the starved and frustrated, a fine scorn for blindness and intolerance, and a mind singularly free from prejudices and allegiances. If I know anything of the Government of India and of the temper of Indian nationalism he will need all his qualities in his new position. Toughness will be quite as necessary as patience and tact. One wonders who will succeed him at Broadcasting House. The independence and imagination necessary for building a creative institution in an obstinately individualistic society are rare, and Lionel Fielden's departure and other recent changes in control and personnel make me fear that the B.B.C. may succumb to the forces which would render it only timid, conventional and bureaucratic.

A Scotsman writes in to say that it was "not a presbytery of the little body, the Free Church of Scotland *soi-disant* (popularly known as 'The Wee Frees') which censured Provost Murray for the sin of holding a dance in his house. It was a microscopic Highland sect calling itself the 'Free Presbyterian Church' that has been one of the standing jokes of Scotland ever since its foundation in the early nineties." He adds: "But why go so far north for bad examples of 'This Britain'? I write from a little Essex village not sixty miles from your office, where the local publican has just received a semi-official intimation that the playing of darts or the piano on his premises on Sundays will be viewed by the local Bench with the greatest displeasure. The poor man, of course, must bow (for the time being), though he knows the demand is without the slightest colour of law."

* * *

I have been reading the official list of books prohibited in Ireland—rubber-shop stuff mingled higgledy-piggledy with works by the most distinguished living writers—Jules Romains and Céline, Gorki or Knut Hamsun, Sinclair Lewis and Dreiser, Middleton Murry and Wyndham Lewis, Aldous Huxley and Bertrand Russell. Nor are all wicked books written by foreigners. Bernard Shaw, Sean O'Casey, Liam O'Flaherty, Austin Clarke and Con O'Leary are all verboten. Perhaps the most surprising condemnations are of *Cakes and Ale*, *Adventures of a Black Girl in Her Search for God*, *The Bulpington of Blup*, and *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*. Catholics in England are often eloquent on behalf of liberty, but this Irish list is not encouraging. It would be interesting to hear what Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton think of it: as far as I know, they have preserved on this subject a prudent silence. One omission from the list is interesting—the most remarkable and celebrated Irish novel of this century, *Ulysses*. This must be an accidental omission. Or is it too shameful a book even to be named? If Dublin in the least resembles Mr. Joyce's picture of it, the fear of its being corrupted by Mr. Wells or Mr. Linklater seems a little exaggerated.

* * *

I have given all sorts of people lifts in all sorts of odd places, but I never expected to be hailed at 9.30 a.m. in Shaftesbury Avenue. Yet that happened to me on Saturday morning as I chugged along in my ancient car on my way down to the country for the week-end. I stopped, and two girls with bathing rags round their necks climbed in. Would I take them as far as Hyde Park? They thought they would spend the morning bathing. They had only come back a couple of hours ago from an all-night bathing session at a well-known road house. It was a good sort of holiday they found—much better than going away to a seaside place. It did not cost any money as there were always nice boys like me (I lapped the flattery up like royalty) ready to give them a lift, and in London there were always plenty of places to go. What did they do when not on holiday? Oh, spent the day saying: "Sorry, madam, take the next lift on the left, madam. This one is going up. Going up. Second floor furniture, third floor gentlemen's underwear . . ." By this time we are at Hyde Park Corner. After this, feeling rather lonely, I went along to Putney where a respectable gentleman with a shabby suitcase stopped me. Yes, would I take him as far as Guildford? That would be a great help. He was on his way to a show at one of the Southern coast ports. What was his line? I asked. His reply surprised me. "I'm a red-nosed comedian"; and by the time we'd reached the New Guildford by-pass I had learnt a comic song, discovered much that was strange and probably true about the life of a variety entertainer, and received an invitation to "one of the few remaining old-fashioned London music halls" where my friend was shortly to appear. I am sorry for people who are too proper or too frightened to give lifts. Some day I suppose I shall be robbed with violence or blackmail. So people say. But then what won't people say? And they miss all the fun. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Gerald F. Wolfson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Patriotism, my friends, is the backbone of the empire, and what we ought to do is train that backbone and bring it to the front.—Poster displayed in Manchester.

Summoned at Lincoln yesterday for cycling on the wrong side of the road, Mrs. Dorothy Wildmore (39), of Hood Street, Lincoln, whose cycle ran into a car, said she was under the impression that a cyclist had to ride on the same side of the road as the side on which the bell was fastened on the handlebar. Hers was on the right-hand side.—*News-Chronicle.*

He had never found militarism in the British Army.—*West Briton and Cornwall Advertiser.*

Blooding ceremonies are always a feature of the cubbing meets. A mass presentation of juveniles is being arranged to take place at one of the early season meets—a ceremony which will certainly be unique so far as the Quorn is concerned. Five baby boys—not yet a year old—one the son of Sir Gerald and Lady Hanson, and the others belonging to sporting farmers in the Great Dalby area, are to be initiated into the ranks of foxhunters.—*Leicester Evening Mail.*

Proceedings of the Senate: Delegated Business: Amendment of Syllabuses in Military Studies. . . . In Second Year Syllabus. . . . Delete "Chemical Warfare," and insert "Defence against gas."—*London University Gazette.*

Jazz has this one great merit—*it is nearly all things to nearly all men.*—*Daily Express.*

It never seems to have occurred to anybody that all men who part their hair on the right are of outstanding ability.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

With commendable courage the headmaster of Highgate School said that the boys ought to be in blue-grey, massed for a flying squadron, and not in khaki.

"Blow them to pieces with bombs, boys," is the suggested slogan-song for the new age.—*Daily Mirror.*

To be let in Mayfair, unfurnished room, with bath, kitchenette adjoining. Overlooks the courtyard of a well-known Townhouse.—Advertisement in *Daily Telegraph.*

The handbook (of the Home Office) . . . declares that the Government would use every endeavour on an outbreak of war to secure an undertaking from the enemy not to use poison gas, but adds: "The risk of the enemy using poison gas remains a possibility and cannot be disregarded."—*Daily Mirror.*

NOVELTIES

It was pleasant during the week to read the announcement of a leading manufacturer of motor cars that his firm proposed to introduce no novelties worth speaking of in the design or equipment of next year's cars. He declared that he did not believe in novelty for novelty's sake, and that he did not intend to "try out" new gadgets on his customers until he was perfectly certain that they were improvements. This attitude on the part of a modern-minded manufacturer is itself something of a novelty, and may therefore be looked on with suspicion by the truly conservative. At the same time, even the most unbending conservative may, without departure from principle, welcome a novelty that will diminish novelties.

Various writers have attempted to fix the date—approximately—at which the passion for novelty became a vice. I cannot myself see how we can date it much later than the brief Golden Age of Eden. Man has always, among his many desires, greatly desired two things—change for improvement's sake, and change for change's sake. This may, for all I know to the contrary, not be true of certain savage tribes, but it is true of man as soon as he achieves a mind of his own. To these desires he owes his civilisations and the wreck of his civilisations. He can build an Athens, but is too mutable to perpetuate its greatness. If he achieved Utopia to-morrow, what assurance of stability would it have with such a crazy lover of novelties as its guardian?

Hence, the reasonable attitude to novelty would neither be one of profound suspiciousness nor one of simple-minded enthusiasm. Without his passion for novelty, man would still be a nomad in the wilderness. Even the most conservative have for centuries accepted those now venerable novelties, the spade and the plough. The most reactionary hater of motor-cars looks back with longing to an age in which the streets were filled with such pleasant novelties as the brougham and the hansom cab. There is no enemy of novelties who does not owe at least nine-tenths of his material comfort to novelties. It is the very fact that we owe so much to novelties that has undone us and persuaded us that there must be something good in novelty in itself.

Thus, the history of literature is one long story of innovation. The Greek drama begins to flower with the great innovation of having a second actor, and afterwards a third, on the stage. The hexameter, blank verse, the sonnet form, the autobiography, were once as revolutionary innovations as any that has been discussed by youths of letters in a twentieth-century Paris café. If there is any sound argument against some of the literary experiments of our own time, it cannot be based merely on their novelty, since the heroic couplet itself could once have been condemned on the same grounds. What many people feel about some of the new experiments is, however, that they spring from the love of change, not for improvement's sake, but for change's sake. Through association of ideas the young experimenter, knowing that the great writers have been in many cases great innovators, comes to regard innovation itself as a virtue. He inscribes the word "Innovation" on his banner and marches confidently under it, feeling that he has great allies among the dead. Alas, all the literary innovations of the past have not been good. Euphuism, once the novelty of a generation, now lies buried in a book that no one but a determined scholar or a paid reviewer could read.

An American critic, Mr. Paul Elmer More, once wrote of the nineteenth-century poets as though they were particularly deserving of condemnation as idolaters of change. He was speaking not of their literary form, but of their philosophy, and seemed to think that a new attitude to mutability was given expression in literature when Meredith, glorifying change as "the wonderful renovator and healer," wrote:

Change, the strongest son of Life,
Has the spirit here to wife.

And he condemned the poets of the Victorian Age as "singers of the flux"—men who "bowed down in the temple of the idol of Mutability." Mr. Paul Elmer More, I fancy, wrote in the mood of a man who had not yet got used to the French Revolution. At the same time, his very extremism may have been due to a prophetic realisation that his country was about to plunge into an era of the worship of novelty for novelty's sake—a world in which men and women would prefer a new cocktail that was bad to an old cocktail that was as nearly perfect as so imperfect a thing as a cocktail can be.

Is there any excuse except the love of novelty for novelty's sake for the invention of all those new recipes for cocktails, now so numerous that they can fill a book? Are these recipes the work of dreamers who, having had a vision of the perfect cocktail that exists only in Heaven, set out to discover an earthly image of it with gin, brandy, whiskey, cointreau, absinthe, oranges, and lemons? They may be so, but I doubt it. I suspect them of being for the most part, like Tennyson and Meredith, men who have "bowed in the temple of the idol of Mutability." They devote their lives to the production, not of a better cocktail, but merely of a new cocktail.

It may be said that fashion has changed in this way ever since men began to live in cities—that for centuries women's dress, for instance, has changed with the seasons and their literary tastes with the turn of the year. I fancy, however, that in modern times we are witnessing a change in the speed of change. Change has adapted itself to the speed of the traffic. Once it was jogtrot when the streets were filled with horses. Now, in the age of the motor car, it has been accelerated so that a novelty is often out of fashion just when the quiet citizen has begun to hear about it.

The rush of new inventions in our own time, no doubt, has made this inevitable. We have seen the motor car, the cinema, and the wireless set beginning in incompetence and steadily advancing nearer and nearer to perfection. Here novelty was absolutely necessary for the sake of improvement, and thousands of inventors devoted their energies to the production of novelties that would give us a more efficient motor car, cinema, and wireless set. I am not sure, however, whether the excellence of novelties in the world of the motor car, the cinema and the wireless set has not misled us into overestimating the value of novelty in other and older things. There is no reason for believing that, because a continuous succession of novelties is necessary to the perfection of the motor car, poetry can be improved at the same rate by the same process. It is conceivable that novelties, which may be indispensable in so new an art as that of the cinema, may be little more than stunts in so old an art as that of painting.

There are two things that have convinced me that the passion for novelty for novelty's sake is a danger to civilisation. One of them is—I speak not as an expert, but from hearsay, by the way—that some of the most beautiful wallpapers have been allowed to go " out of print," not because there is no demand for them, but because the manufacturers have a mistaken theory that what the public wants is novelties. In the result, the public is often given, not what it wants, but what the manufacturer thinks it wants. Then there are cakes. If any man who died forty years ago could return to earth to-day, and were to enter a confectioner's shop, what a change he would see, what a falling-off, from the noble delights that once made the tea-table a feast, not only for the palate, but for the imagination! Where are they gone, the cakes of yester-year? They have vanished and their place has been taken by French trifles fit only for nibblers. Was it because the demand for them ceased? I do not believe it. The large-eyed gluttony of the young is not a slave to the passion for novelty. Any normal child could have gone on eating the cakes of the eighties and nineties till the Day of Judgment. It is not we human beings, collectively known as the public, that change. It is the decrees of misguided manufacturers and confectioners that change, and compel us to make the best of a bad business in their wretched temple of Mutability. Let them but continue to give us what is good, instead of giving us what is worse but new, and we shall go on enjoying it as we go on enjoying the works of Mozart and Beethoven in the concert-hall. The floating electorate may cry: " Anything for a change," at the time of a general election, but the common man, such as the cake-lover, is more faithful in his appetites. He is with the great car manufacturer—a devotee, not of the newest, but of the best. Y. Y.

THE ARGUMENTS FOR LAND SETTLEMENT

In discussing land settlement it is worth while to ask ourselves the question: Why is there such a thing? We do not, even in more hopeful times, set up colonies of cotton spinners or metal workers, nor has anyone ever thought of lending money to unemployed miners or boot-makers to set up their own plant for producing coal or making boots, although, if given facilities, these groups might well hold their own with some of those that are in existence.

Part of the answer is that farming is still an individualist's job, and the detailed care which a small man can give to his holding has enabled him hitherto to compete with the larger. In Denmark, for example, the average up-to-25-acres holding has a 50 per cent. greater output than the 75–100 acres holding. But although the production of the land can be increased within such limits as these, it is in no way comparable to the way in which a factory's output can be increased by crowding many workers under one roof. So agriculture is almost the last remaining industry in which a man can work in a very small way and keep himself, particularly since he will produce so many of the prime necessities for himself. But machinery is being introduced that will enable these small men's jobs to be done very cheaply in a large way. In fact it is now quite clear that the time is not so very far distant when the small man by himself will be able to compete no longer with machines which, for example, will plant out cabbages very efficiently at the rate of 150 a minute. Can the small man meet this by making himself one of a group that buys and sells goods and uses machinery co-operatively? I am inclined to think that he can, and the very valuable experiments that are now being carried out at the Fordson Estates in Essex go some way to prove it. But it means fairly drastic control of each group, in fact something not so very far removed from an ordinary large farm run on a co-partnership basis, and it means something rather different from the accepted idea of small-holding.

But there are all sorts of other reasons that prompt the undertaking of land settlement schemes, such as " a healthy rural population," increased food supplies in case of war, balance of town and country, the Roman idea of the sturdy peasant happy in his own fields (who, it is dreamed, may always be depended upon to vote Tory). The only thing that everyone is far too polite ever to mention is the fact that, if the majority of the county councils had done their job in administering the existent small-holdings Acts, probably no further action would have been necessary. If all of them had established as many small-holdings in proportion to their area as Cambridge, Norfolk and Somerset, the number of council holdings to-day would be nearly 100,000 instead of about one-third of that number. So far as the " healthy rural population " is concerned, the belief that people are healthier in the poky, damp, ill-ventilated hovels that disfigure so many of our villages and evoke the admiration of the passing motorist dies hard. There is every reason to believe that a decently housed urban population to-day has a better chance of enjoying good health than a vast number of villagers, although we still have our slums to drag the town dwellers down to the level of cottagers whose privies drain into the drinking water supply. The " defence in time of war " argument is also of very doubtful validity. For as soon as war is declared, men are taken from the land for the defence forces and countries depend more upon imported food. For several years after the last war Europe continued to import greater quantities of agricultural products, not one of the belligerent countries having been able to keep on the land the men necessary to maintain the peace-time level of production. Both these may be regarded as sentimental delusions, of no more value than the strange idea that yokels make the best policemen or cannon fodder and that their breeding should therefore be encouraged.

The maintenance of a better balance between town and country has far more to recommend it. Many of our towns are overcrowded, many parts of our countryside are depopulated. As I tried to show in a previous article, there is a certain amount of scope to bring idle men and idle acres into their right relationship. Our population is located to deal with a situation that no longer exists now our export trade has been halved. Moreover, our rural civilisation is something which is immensely worth preserving and encouraging. Here is a rich fund of national character which we dare not lose. No country can lose touch with the soil and all it produces, with animals and trees and plants in their natural surroundings, with Nature and her unhurried processes, which the farm sees swing through their full cycle of completion every year, without becoming immeasurably the poorer. We cannot become a nation that does nothing but write figures on pieces of paper or a collection of robots of whom each spends his working life making an unending series of identical parts for a whole he never sees. Moreover, let it be remembered that it is the countryman's skill of hand and eye, whether in ploughing a straight furrow, laying a hedge, or in blacksmith's or wheelwright's shop, that has fathered the skill of the industrial artisan and of the artist also. Faith, simplicity and pride in the completed product are virtues that thrive eminently in country soil, and although we may buy our food more cheaply abroad, we cannot buy from others the leaven of a vigorous rural civilisation.

Also in favour of the small man's holding is the fact that it provides hope for the thrifty farm labourer. As things are to-day, the average farm carter, however skilled, knows that he is earning as much as he is ever likely to earn when he is still in his twenties. The most he can hope for is a bailiff's job at £3 per week, but these are scarce and a farm labourer does not come by them easily. "Maybe I'll get a bit of land of my own some day." How often have I heard that forlorn wish expressed by workers on the land who know it will be almost a miracle if it ever happens. It seems to me right that if small-holdings are to be made easy for anyone to acquire, it is the farm worker with a good record behind him who should be given first choice. This would be sensible, too, for it would encourage them to be intelligently interested in their work, attract good men to the farmer's service if there were some prospect at the end of it, and they should be the people most likely to make a success of farming on their own.

But we are likely to get into a muddle if we mix up a general policy of enlarging and maintaining a small-holding system with the rescue work of settling unemployed on the land. The settling of the unemployed is in the nature of a relief work, and most of them would agree that the most meagre living that the land provides is better than idleness and the dole. But for a general policy we need to make certain that it will provide a worthy living, better than wage-earning on an average farm. For thousands of small-holders to-day it is not doing this. Many of them are working half as long again for the same or less money than a farm carter, and with much more anxiety. It is doubtful if the remuneration given by the soil to its followers will ever equal in money the returns obtainable in the towns. For just as farming for the larger man is the cheapest way to buy the life of a country gentleman, so must the smaller take some of his wages in less tangible form.

But we must make certain that these intangible things are not bought too dearly before embarking upon land settlement on a wholesale scale. We need to find out how far group settlement, with co-operative buying and selling and joint ownership of machinery, will allow small farmers to compete with modern development of machinery and organisation on the larger farms. This development may well not have matured sufficiently for that question to be answered at the moment. We are in the middle of a revolution in nearly every established agricultural method. Nor would it be very prudent to set about this increase in food production without preparing for its arrival on our markets. After all, there is a good deal in the average farmer's criticism of land settlement schemes when he says: "What's the use of putting more men on the land, subsidising them and increasing food production when we are told already that we're producing a surplus of half the things we grow?"

The substitution of "planning" for *laisser faire* and for the old laws of supply and demand and the survival of the fittest is no doubt an admirable thing, and my instinct is to believe in it. But artificial regulation and stimulation is a tricky business in practice, and one or two false steps in land settlement would very easily make our last state worse than our first, with a lowered standard of living for everyone who lives by the soil and for many a worse wage than the present farm labourer's.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

BRIEF COMMENT

["The Generals commanding the forces of Bolivia and Paraguay during the recent Gran Chaco war met at Monte Video and shook hands."—Press announcement.]

THE Generals have shaken hands . . .
As Generals do
When wars are over:
The politicians likewise bill and coo
Also (presumably) in clover:
While down among the jungle-swamps
And foetid pools
The corpses of a myriad fallen fools
(Like you and me, maybe,)
Lie silently
In Chaco's green-lit hell:
Ah—well . . .
"Carrion"—sergeant-major!

A. G. P.-J.

Correspondence

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS

SIR,—Under the cloak of "Safeguarding the civil population," the Government circular issued by the Home Office is a direct incitement to war-mindedness. It is significant that it is issued at a time when the expenditure on the fighting forces is being increased. As the circular remarks, its issue does not "imply any relaxation of efforts on the part of H.M. Government to ensure the promotion and maintenance of peace." Actually this means that the Government still accepts the old fallacy that "to ensure peace we must be prepared for war." We are to-day again involved in an armament race, and relying on a "Balance of Power" as we were in 1914.

In the last war the Government had to improvise and develop the civil organisation of a nation after the war had begun. To-day they are preparing "The Home Front" before the war.

The Home Office Circular addressed to County, Borough and District Councils, asks their co-operation in advance. An Air Raid Precaution Department has been set up by the Home Office. It will give advice, and later instructions to local authorities and the civil population. Reserves of respirators, protective clothing and decontaminators will be kept. A Civilian Gas School will be established. The services of the Order of St. John and the British Red Cross Society are to be placed at the disposal of central and local authorities. Air Raid warnings are to be arranged, lighting restrictions prepared and communications of all kinds previously arranged. The Police Force are to be supplemented by reserves and Special Constables. Rescue Parties to relieve the Police and Fire Brigade are to be created—a kind of Civil Special Constabulary. Ambulance and Hospital Services are to be extended and co-ordinated and anti-gas services developed. "Other bodies" and "existing machinery" are roped in for emergency services. Employers are to create in their works personnel and organisation to ensure safety. Householders and the public are not forgotten and are expected to "toe the line" and co-operate with the whole scheme.

This scheme is designed to produce a "scare" mentality which will clamour for more arms and support the policy of the Government. It has all the elements of Industrial Conscription and creates a complete "non-combatant" unit of war-service. It diverts municipal services, created for different purposes, into war channels, and provides the basis for an organisation capable of being used to quell and defeat the biggest industrial strike. Employers will in their works create the equivalent of the "voluntary" Derby Scheme, and woe betide any employee who refuses to conform.

The merits of the proposals for "Safeguarding the public" will not stand investigation. It is stated that respirators, etc., perish in nine months and are useless. Quantities of these for the whole population cannot hurriedly be produced. There is no effective safeguard for the body short of underground, ventilated, concrete bomb-proof shelters. The circular states: "The Government cannot (on account of cost), therefore, undertake to provide money toward the construction of bomb-proof shelters."

The whole business should be exposed. Only public opinion can stop war. The Government by the circular is not only hoodwinking the public that they can safeguard them to some extent, but is in fact creating the temper which accepts war as inevitable and increased war preparation as necessary. The circular is dangerous to peace. It is a subtle means of controlling Local Authorities for war preparations.

By a stroke of the pen, through Orders in Council, created and recognised organisations and circulars can be made legally binding. I would urge, therefore, all lovers of peace to be on the alert and to protest against this propaganda-circular.

REGINALD STAMP, L.C.C.

[This letter is referred to in our leading article.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE

SIR,—I see from Dr. Harry Roberts's article in the NEW STATESMAN for August 10th that the Committee of the British Medical Association recommend mass immunisation of the public against diphtheria. Dr. Roberts thinks the arguments for this course of action are overwhelming. The case against all serum treatments can be made to appear equally overwhelming statistically, and the layman who reads both sides impartially would more often than not have nothing to do with the practice of immunisation on account of the cruelty to animals involved, to say nothing of the risk to health from the inoculation itself.

Medical men themselves tell us that the "diphtheria germ" is not present in from 14 to 40 per cent. of clinical cases, and that harbouring virulent germs is compatible with perfect health. If this is so, it is surely arguable that this germ does not cause the disease.

I think the public is entitled to know whether the statistics on which the recommendation for wholesale immunisation is based are really reliable. One Medical Officer of Health says that it is the practice not to classify mild cases of sore throat in immunised persons as diphtheria even though the diphtheria bacillus is present; hitherto the presence of this bacillus has been considered diagnostic of the disease. Can we be quite sure that this change of diagnosis is properly allowed for in collecting statistics? Further, the Medical Research Council go so far as to state that before any diagnosis of diphtheria can be made in an immunised person, even though he presents all the clinical features of the disease, the bacilli must be obtained in culture from the individual and proved virulent by guinea-pig test. Is the non-immunised patient diagnosed in the same way? Doctors will cling to the theory of immunisation by sera as long as possible because they are now so deeply involved, and it is not surprising that they do not seem able to be strictly impartial in diagnosing diphtheria and other diseases for which so-called preventives exist. We are not told of the growing dangers of serum disease which one can read about in medical journals.

L. W. BRYANT

83 Broad Lane,
Hampton, Middlesex.

THE ITALO-ABYSSINIA DISPUTE

SIR,—Though much concerned like yourself as to "whether at Geneva the British Government means to do more than protest," the evidence seems to me to favour—almost compel—an affirmative answer. May I summarise?

Obviously the Government is desperately anxious to avoid sanctions if possible, and the possibility depends on whether both parties can be induced to accept a compromise. If at this stage the Government plainly indicates sanctions in the event of the August negotiations failing through Italy's obduracy, that might induce a too uncompromising attitude in Abyssinia, besides offending the League by taking its consent for granted. But that—in the same event—a policy of sanctions is intended and is possibly known by Italy to be intended, seems to me to follow from four evidences:

First, the words of Mr. Eden in his broadcast on August 3rd, that if negotiations failed "the Council will have to discharge the obligations placed on it by the Covenant." If those words don't point to sanctions, as the Italian press itself assumed, what do they mean?

Secondly, the general trend of Government speeches in the debates of July 11th and August 2nd. To what end was that series of solemn, emphatic, deeply impressive warnings as to the disaster to the whole system of collective security if the League failed now, if they did not presage a resolute policy to uphold its authority?

Were the speakers—Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Baldwin, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Eden—merely playing Cassandra—bewailing impending disasters which they own themselves impotent to avert?

Thirdly, the solid facts lying behind and extending beyond these warnings. Not only the disaster to the League, but to the Locarno treaties and the projected Air Pact, arising from so smashing a demonstration of the worthlessness of any nation's signature to anything. Also, the poisoning of the relations between white and coloured peoples everywhere. Sir Samuel Hoare is not likely to overlook that.

Fourthly—and this to my mind is by far the most convincing evidence—the arms embargo. Is it not unbelievable that this should have been imposed unless the Government intends to stand by Abyssinia if she proves reasonable and Italy irreconcileable? In any other hypothesis, we shall indeed deserve the recent Italian cartoon which depicts John Bull as sitting on a naked, bound Abyssinian and stabbing him in the back with the knife he has just used to cut the pages of the Covenant. (A strange taunt this to come from Italy!) But Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden are neither assassins nor hypocrites nor muddle-heads. Lord Londonderry may manage to forget that one-half of the Covenant has ever existed. But it is hard to imagine the better brains in the Government either sharing the delusion or imagining that they can bluff the electorate into sharing it. They must know that if there is one thing which does genuinely and profoundly shock the average, decent Englishman, it is an open, cynical repudiation of a written pledge. Not being very clear-headed, he can often be bamboozled into condoning—even perpetrating—a shifty evasion of a pledge, but not the contemptuous repudiation of it which comes so easily to Mussolini.

Hence, I suggest that possibly the chief danger which confronts us is not that of "a mere protest" at Geneva, but one of three things. The Government may be talked by France and Italy into demanding of Abyssinia greater concessions than it is fair to demand. If Abyssinia refuses, that may be used as justification for evading further responsibility. If she yields for fear of worse, that will be represented as a triumph of diplomacy, though it will really be the triumph of one bully aided by two faint-hearts. Or thirdly, Mussolini may prove impossible and sanctions be resorted to, but so mildly or inefficiently applied as to prove ineffective. In a matter so fraught with technical difficulties and divided responsibility as sanctions, it may be fatally easy for every Member-State to put the blame on the others and so justify itself.

One thing only seems clear, that our Government has the power if it has the will to enforce a strong line at Geneva. We are more necessary to France and to the smaller League nations than they are to us, and if we made it clear that for us there could be no picking and choosing between the obligations of the Covenant—either collective security for all or every nation for itself and Devil take the hindmost—it is easy to see how the general choice would go. And as to support at home for a resolute policy, thanks to the Peace Ballot, the Government cannot say they have no mandate.

House of Commons. ELEANOR F. RATHBONE

THE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE

SIR,—Mr. Grant Watson concludes his reply to Mr. Collier by a reference to the present crisis in biological thought. I am not aware that such a crisis exists. I know of no biologist who is oppressed by it. A long quotation from Aristotle (who is no longer with us) and a short quotation from a pure mathematician (whose writings betray no special interest in recent biological discoveries) do not dispel my scepticism. I am tempted to record it, because the fashion of detecting crises where they do not exist and the attitude towards science which the article discloses seem to me to encourage the adolescent contempt for reason and progress as obsolete liberal superstitions. Mr. Grant Watson appears to believe that a crisis exists because biologists are less inclined to think up answers to conundrums such as why some animals are oviparous and others are not. Instead they are occupying themselves with the serious business of an experimental science, controlling nature, as for instance by making hens lay more eggs. Consequently the scientific analysis of behaviour is in a particularly flourishing condition.

To be sure, there is one sense in which crisis may loom ahead. Conservative politicians do not approve of reckless reproduction among the lower animals, and a Radical press is too anxious to encourage the crossword puzzle habit to make people worry about whether the new knowledge is applied. Since the past history of science abundantly shows that scientific knowledge advances rapidly in a social context which finds use for new discoveries, one may wonder whether the present state of well-being in biological science will persist much longer.

Meanwhile the attitude of our Radical press is one of the more disturbing features of a situation in which a new statesmanship rooted in the recognition of technical resources unexploited by existing social machinery might conceivably rally progressive forces in the face of a reaction which has already swept central Europe two centuries backwards. In the same issue which contains the article cited another contributor exalts this deficiency to the dignity of a new creed. In a passage of blinding etymological lucidity Mr. Mortimer tells us that the scientific temper is so-called because it is " found more frequently among the literary gents than among scientists," and concludes by way of further elucidation with the statement, " science does not mean machinery: it means knowledge." Quoting with approval Mr. Heard's assertion that our " education has frowned on idle curiosity," he goes on to deplore that " curiosity is a disturbing quality which no Government can be expected to encourage." Both these statements are sheer rubbish and, in my view, mischievous rubbish. How geometrical principles emerged from the social activities of calendar making and temple orientation in the civilisations of antiquity was concealed from most of us by the painstaking solicitude of teachers who believed that idle curiosity was a sufficient reward for the happy hours we spent with Euclid. Nothing is more conducive to a conservative tradition of government than the silly pretence that the primary social function of science is to provide the aesthetic satisfaction Mr. Mortimer derives from the compositions of literary gents. Outside the ranks of scientists perhaps only the handful of people who have read Mr. Bernal's brilliant article in the *Frustration of Science* realise that the troglodytic ugliness and discordant rattle of a steel and coal economy is a sheer scientific anachronism in the age of electrolytic metallurgy and cellulose biochemistry. The old statesmanship can sleep in peace, while Mr. Heard is able to convince people that the " true and lawful goal of science," as Bacon put it, is not " to endow human life with new powers and inventions " but to make them think beautiful thoughts, and chatter about their beautiful thoughts at cocktail parties in Bloomsbury.

Mr. Mortimer deplores the retreat from reason into Fascist hysteria. I suggest that the retreat from reason is in large measure the penalty we are now paying for a decadent view of what knowledge is. Scientific knowledge is not primarily concerned with the satisfaction of passive reflection by explanations of the type which entertain Mr. Grant Watson or Mr. Mortimer. It is the essential characteristic of scientific knowledge that it bears fruit in action. The fact that its fruits can be so recognised is the only justification for Mr. Mortimer's contention that a literary gent may know more about science as a whole than do some scientific specialists. When we have cleared away this false antithesis between machinery and knowledge we may hope that the rising generation will be less disposed to believe that reason has failed in political life. Reason, as the man of science conceives the exercise of reason, has not yet been given a fair trial.

LANCELOT HOGBEN

[Mr. Mortimer writes: Professor Hogben's letter confirms my view that the scientific temper is not always to be found in distinguished scientists. For he has not even troubled to examine the statements which he attacks. I indulged in no " etymology " whatsoever: I merely wrote " the scientific temper is one of the highest human achievements and is still, I fancy, found more frequently among literary gents than among scientists." Moreover I am surprised that any scientist should write that " it is the essential characteristic of scientific knowledge that it bears fruit in action." Is astronomical knowledge not scientific? Is palaeontology not scientific? Or do these studies bear fruit in action? Finally, may I suggest to Professor Hogben that he study the science of ethics, which may convince him that states of mind are in themselves of importance. It is possible to wish for an increase in the bread supply without believing that man lives by bread alone.]—ED., *N.S. & N.*

LOST PROPERTY

SIR,—I was pleased to see, from " Critic's " little note on the subject of a friend who lost her handbag in an Underground train in London recently, and had to pay 10 per cent. of its value to get it back, that we do, do *some* things better in Ireland.

Happening to be travelling, a few weeks ago, in a Great Southern Railway motor-bus, running from Dublin to Wexford, I had the misfortune, when alighting at a little wayside stopping-place, to leave a very expensive cardigan behind me. I wrote at once to the Great Southern Railway offices in Dublin, informing them of my loss, and received a reply a few days later, stating that my cardigan was in the Lost Property Office, and asking whether I would call to fetch it, or prefer to have it sent to me. I called, fearfully, for I also had heard rumours of a 10 per cent. charge, but was only asked for 3d.—although they had already spent 2d. on replying to my letter.

I should add, that, having offered half a crown for the honest bus conductor, and having said to the clerk to whom I handed it: " You will make certain that the conductor gets the money, won't you? " he replied, with much frankness: " Sure, and I'll give it to him myself, and then perhaps I'll get some of it too! "

Bray, Co. Wicklow. MARGERY DE GUILHEM

[In fairness to the London Passenger Transport Board we should add that since our issue of last week P was given back 6/1 on account of " special circumstances."]—ED., *N.S. & N.*

"TUTTY"

SIR,—Mr. Young's delightful little article suggests that his puzzle would be spoilt by any solution of it. Presumably he does not read German, or pretends not to. If he looked at a dictionary of that language—that of Dr. Flügel in 1891, or the massive Muret-Sanders of 1900, he would see that *nichts* means both " nothing " and " tutty," the oxide of zinc. Here the carelessness, which has given so much to language, has added the " tutty " which comes at the end to the far more important sense of " nothing " which precedes it. VERNON RENDALL

THE OLD SCHOOL BLAZER

Sir,—Last Saturday Mr. Rhodes attended the Bridlington police court to answer a charge of driving a car without due care and attention. He wore his old school blazer, an open-necked shirt, flannel trousers, and brown and white shoes. This attire so incensed the Bench as to call forth stern rebuke from one of the magistrates.

" Button up your jacket," he said, " and make yourself more respectable. *If you had come here properly dressed it would have been better for you.*" Mr. Rhodes was fined £5 and ordered to pay 17*s.* 6*d.* costs.

Can any other construction be placed upon the sentence italicised above than that a lesser fine would have been inflicted had Mr. Rhodes been more " properly " clad? In the circumstances, I think we are entitled to enlightenment upon the following points :—

1. What is the " proper dress for a police court " ?
2. If a lounge suit be worn, is it permissible to leave undone the bottom waistcoat button?
3. As the fine is to depend upon one's dress, should not the Bridlington authorities issue a properly drawn up list of penalties to be imposed in various cases, ranging from topper and morning coat to, say, beach pyjamas? (In the case of blazers, I put forward the suggestion that a difference might be made between the greater and lesser public schools.) GEORGE REES

Miscellany

GRABBED BY THE TAIL

" YES, Sepp, what are you so sad about? "

" Shouldn't I be sad then? It's five years ago this very day since I only just escaped a most horrible death. Got any cigarettes? "

" Ten, if you'll tell me."

" I was a prisoner of war in Russia. One day, in the winter of 1916, the peasant at Ivanovka, in Siberia, said to me, ' Sepp,' he says, ' I've got orders to take you away to Irkutsk. Got to take the two prisoners from next door as well.'

" Lor', it wasn't very nice, having to go away like that. I'd got used to the village and the peasants. True, the daughter was a bit on the fat side, and not over keen on washing herself, Still, you know, it was like what it often is with a dog. First you drive him out, because he smells, then after a bit you get to like the smell, you don't know why. Well, I got my bits and pieces together. War's war, I thought, and soon the three of us and the peasant were sitting in a troika. We drove through the Siberian woods, and it snowed and snowed and snowed. Soon I noticed the horses were uneasy, they were sweating away so. Then they started galloping like mad. 'What's up with the brutes ?' I shouted to my peasant. But he only crossed himself.

"Behind us there was a sound like 'trap, trap, trap,' and there was something howling, like children whimpering for their mother's milk.

"After a minute or two I understood why the peasant kept on crossing himself. There was a whole pack of wolves coming on after us. 'Whip up the horses' I called to the peasant. 'They know they've got to run for their lives,' he muttered in a complaining, weepy sort of voice. Still those wolves came on, nearer and nearer. They were foaming at the mouth, and the leader wolf was something really horrible, he was.

"Holy Mother of God—with one leap, he threw himself on the left-hand horse. The horse fell to the ground. The other wolves sank their teeth into it, and before we could say Lord 'a mercy, we were driving with two horses.

"Pity about your horse," I said to the peasant, "But leastways we're safe."

"He mumbled a paternoster and wouldn't stop crossing himself. I turned round. In the bright winter's night I saw the wolves sitting in the middle of the road, and the bones they'd gnawed so clean they were dead white in the moonlight.

"But soon the wolves were with us again. The second horse went the way of the first. I should think they'll have had enough now, I thought. Two horses—you can live on that for a month. But, oh dear, on they came again with huge leaps and bounds, and snatched away the third horse. The sledge stopped. Stiff with horror we sat there and watched them tearing the poor old hack to bits, and smacking their lips at the soup, meat, sweets and all, and then just for fun playing skittles with the bones.

"I don't hardly know how to tell you what happened then," mumbled Sepp. "I feel right queer whenever I think about it.

"The paternosters didn't help the peasant, nor his crossing of himself. They gorged him up first. Then my two comrades in arms, a couple of young peasants from Bellheim, in the Palatinate. 'Tell my sweetheart Marie,' said one. 'Oh God, oh God, now they'll be guzzling all the new wine without me,' laughed the other. Seemed to me he'd gone crazy. I looked desperately round me. I wasn't in the mood for prayers, and I hadn't got any sort of liking for going cracked.

"Then I saw in the back of the sledge the big chest with our gear in it. The peasant was going to use it to bring back rice in. They'll have to wait a long time at home for their rice, I thought. And as I thought that, I had a good idea. I jumped into the chest and pulled the lid down over me. I was as tired as a dog, and went right off to sleep. When I woke up I couldn't rightly make out where I was.

"'Natasha, you'll crush me to death,' I muttered. But my God, Natasha 'd have been safe at home in bed, with her fat behind sticking out over the edge cooling itself off as usual. . . . Then I heard sniffing and snuffling. That brought me back to where I was. Still the brutes were there. I kept as still as a mouse, how long I don't know, but it seemed to get quieter. I felt into my boot, pulled out my knife, and bored a little hole in the side of the chest. I peeped through—and what I saw'd be a good tale for nuns on Ash Wednesday! They weren't twiddling their thumbs! That rich horse-meat, I thought. But there's a lesson in everything, and I made up my mind if I ever met a girl who started butting me a lot of buts, I'd give her horse-meat.

"As I was thinking that over, the big leader wolf came up to the chest, snuffled so that his fetid breath came straight into my face, turned round, lifted a leg and piddled on the chest. I felt it wet in my face. The wolf was standing so that his tail stuck through the hole in the box. I don't know how it happened, but without thinking I grabbed at it. . . ."

"Yes, and what then ?" I asked, with cold shivers running down my spine.

"Got any brandy ?"

Sepp swallowed down a tumbler of cherry-brandy.

"When I grabbed hold of the wolf's tail, it seemed as though hell were let loose. Like a pole-axed ox, he bellowed, and gave a tremendous jump. I didn't let go of his tail. I felt I was being dragged all over the place in the box, but I said to myself, Do what you like, I don't let go. The wolf galloped along the roads, through woods and fields, galloped and galloped, I don't know how long, hours or days. You'll soon get tired, I thought; go on running, go on running. I was shaken up and down in that chest so that every bit of me was sore. The bruises were sprouting all over me like mushrooms, my fingers were numb and stiff with holding on to that tail, and then, all at once, the chest was at a standstill. The lid was taken off. I looked out and there were faces and eyes gazing down on me.

"With an effort I clambered out of the chest, stood up and said to one who looked like a Jew, 'I'm thirsty, I am.'

"Out of sheer despair that wolf had run all the way to the town of Omsk. The inhabitants got together, grasped their stocks, and as he slunk into the market square, knocked him out, dead. Nothing heroic about it, because he must have been properly done up.

"I was a week in Omsk, and they celebrated me like a hero. The men gave me vodka, as much as I could drink, and the women came on pilgrimages to me, and we had a nice time telling our rosaries together all day and night."

ERNST TOLLER

MOZART ON THE GRAMOPHONE

I HAVE received, from the Mozart Opera Society, Volume One of the H.M.V. recording of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, performed at Glyndebourne under Fritz Busch. For some days I regarded this volume with mixed feelings and did not open it. To those who, as they grow older, come to understand more and more the music of Mozart the very name of this great composer becomes something one does not want ever to breathe out aloud or to see in print, and yet, conflicting with this feeling is the desire to emphasise his greatness before the public and to try to make clear why one regards his work with an ever-increasing awe and passionate love. Frankly, I do not like to see Mozart recorded on the gramophone, and yet I recognise what it would have meant to a few men here and there, true lovers of music and men of extraordinary faculties, like the philosopher Kierkegaard, to have been able to hear in the privacy of their study, for example, the finales of the second and fourth acts of *Figaro*, which, with the terzetto from the first act and the terzetto and duetto from the second act, are all that is recorded from the opera in the present album. It is something to have so fine a performance recorded and made thus available in one's library, for truly one might regularly visit the best opera houses in Germany and make many an annual tour to Salzburg without ever hearing a performance of the high excellence of that secured by Fritz Busch and here recorded. Also it is with a certain compensating satisfaction that one remembers that by no means all of the opera is recorded in the album of six large-sized discs (twelve sides); but what is given is music of such quality as to be enough to last a man a lifetime.

Anyone who thinks of buying this volume—and better value could not be obtained, because these performances take their place with Schnabel's recording for the Beethoven Society—would do well first of all to make sure that he has a good gramophone which will enable him to hear all the parts distinctly, not only the vocal parts, but all the instrumental ones, for otherwise he cannot possibly begin to hear what Mozart has put into this music in all its subtlety and variety, and also only a very good gramophone will fully reveal the musicianship of Fritz Busch, the conductor, in obtaining a true realisation in its proper proportion and power of Mozart's music. Armed with a very good gramophone the music-lover who puts on the sides three to seven containing the finale of the second act and hears this astounding piece adequately performed for the first time is likely to be struck dumb and made incapable of listening to any other music for at least a week. And here I must confess to an extreme irritation on reading—in the otherwise often admirable introduction printed by the Mozart Society with the volume—the following sentence:

> The Countess's music has for its period an emotional truth comparable with the most expressive phrases of the best of Wagner and Strauss.

Now, really, this is the sort of thing Matthew Arnold used to complain of in English criticism as being extremely provincial. It shows the sort of ignorance of values which led him to wish that we had in this country something comparable to the French Academy; because even the least enlightened Academy that has existed in France during the past fifty years would hardly have had so little influence as to permit the possibility of a respectable French publisher bringing out an edition of, say, Voltaire's *Candide* and saying of it in an introduction: " Voltaire's language is for its period as elegant and witty as the best of Zola and André Maurois." We do not look for elegance and wit in Zola any more than we expect to find emotional truth in Wagner; indeed, a more inept comparison than this could hardly have been made by any of England's hundreds of famous critics, and the Mozart Opera Society must be congratulated on having found somebody who could utter a dictum of such appalling misproprìety.

Listening to the music of an opera on a gramophone suggests the question of what part is played in the effect on the listener in an opera-house of the scene on the stage. Some musicians would deny the scene any importance in the musical effect, and theoretically it is indeed difficult to admit that what is seen can be of any account in what is heard. But I hold the opposite opinion, in spite of the fact that I am always pointing out that there is a specific musical sense quite apart from the mere capacity to hear and distinguish between sounds, just as there is a specific poetic sense beyond and in addition to the understanding of words and sentences and the perception of metre; but that numbers of people do not possess either in any but the most rudimentary form is, of course, true. It so happens that there is an interesting leading article in last week's Literary Supplement of the *Times* which has a bearing on this subject. The writer is discussing the musical sense of poets as revealed in their poetry. It is well known that literary men are commonly not musical, and, further, there is no evidence to suggest that, among writers, poets are more musical than prose writers. I may remark here that even in the matter of rhythm alone poets do not necessarily as such possess a greater sense of rhythm than prose writers. In fact it is easier for a writer with a defective sense of rhythm to write rhythmic verse than rhythmic prose, because in the first case he can take a set metre and stick closely to it without having any but the most rudimentary sense of rhythm, whereas in prose the rhythm must be felt—it cannot be seen by the eye as a pattern. Fixed rhythmic forms, such as the more regular forms of verse, are always a great help to the writer with a poor sense of rhythm and exactly the same is true in music.

Now I think one reason why the operatic medium appealed to Mozart is because of the opportunities it offered for great rhythmic complexity and this complexity is assisted by what is seen as well as by what is heard. The writer of the article in the *Times* Literary Supplement points out that among those poets, such as Shakespeare and Milton, who have shown a special musical sensitiveness there is often a curious mingling of what is *seen* in their descriptions of natural sounds. The murmur and the perhaps contrary cross rippling by the wind of the flow of a running stream are elements in a combined rhythmic effect for those poets with a more than ordinarily developed and inter-related sense of sight and sound; also the contrast of what is visually static amidst this movement heightens the effect. Without going further into this question of the musical sense manifested in poetry, I only wish to suggest that there are two seemingly extra-musical elements in opera, namely, the dramatic character (a psychological or emotional element) and the visual scene. But I believe that in certain specially gifted minds, like that of Mozart's, these two elements are very subtly and intricately allied to the musical sense. Mozart, I am convinced, got extraordinary satisfaction out of combining these elements, and we should always miss part of this satisfaction (not being gifted with an imagination as strong and vivid as that of Mozart) if we hear one of his operas only through the gramophone. Of course, for those who have often seen and heard or know the operas very well and can visualise dramatically very clearly what they hear, this does not so much apply.

Now, a further example of the peculiar nature of Mozart's mind is his love of not only combined rhythms and combined melodies, but also of combining different and even utterly opposing ideas. We know that Mozart could write a simple aria, a simple one-line melody of an expressiveness only to be compared with the finest of folk-songs, but also he revelled in writing concerted pieces for three, four, five or six utterly different psychological characters in which he maintains the separate nature of each, but combines them into a completely harmonious and unified musical piece. At the end of the finale of the second act of *Figaro* Susanna, the Countess, and Figaro are singing: " Surely a devil from Hell has done all this," while Marcellina, Basilio, Bartolo and the Count are singing: " A divine Providence has done this." This uniting of utterly opposing ideas as well as of different human characters is typical of Mozart for whom no complexity of material in rhythm, in emotion, in psychology, and in idea could be too great. There is nothing of this in Wagner—except in the most elementary form as in the contrast between licit and illicit love in *Tannhaüser* and different kinds of simple emotional attitudes in *Die Meistersinger*; there is nothing of it in Beethoven, to whom the operatic medium was alien, in spite of the triumphant greatness of *Fidelio* which, however, is an epic, not a drama. Mozart is the unique master in this respect. In him the art of music has, in my opinion, attained its greatest complexity of form and rhythm, and to those with ears to hear, the ensemble music of *Figaro*—and it is not his greatest achievement—is a marvel beyond all comprehension.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Shaw at the Cambridge

Man and Superman begins to call for costume—almost, for a " manner." The reality with which it juggles is the reality of 1903, and with so many superbly calculated effects it is a pity that any should be wasted in an attempt foredoomed at approximating the atmosphere of a world surprised at the motor-car and even more at its knowledgable chauffeur, to the atmosphere of to-day. The most interesting aspect of the revival is its demonstration that ordinary, workmanlike play-technique—the business of seizing an apathetic audience, shaking it into alertness and then keeping it engrossed—has unjustly been neglected since *Man and Superman* was written. Shaw himself, the arch-offender, may perhaps despise the trick, having mastered it. But one has only to compare the beautifully organised curtain of Act II with the perfunctory melodrama which disfigures even *Saint Joan* to realise how much of valuable stock-in-trade he has thrown overboard. *Man and Superman*, for all the familiarity of its ideas, is still dazzling and fascinating in its abridged form, and not even an indifferent company can make the evening a dull one. Esmé Percy is a distinguished Shavian actor who is at his best when he has to wrestle with a long part. His John Tanner is admirable, if a trifle middle-aged, and the actor's not-always-welcome mannerisms only very rarely obtrude. Margaret Rawlings is an accomplished actress, and it is impossible to speak of failure in connection with her Ann Whitefield. But her voice and personality have not the eager vitality which is surely appropriate. Her huskiness is fascinating but curiously world-weary and mocking, so that Ann becomes a problem on her own rather than the dynamic compulsion she is meant to be. Apart from Mr. E. Bellenden Clarke's efficient caricature as Ramsden, the other performances are disappointingly poor.

"The Clairvoyant" at the New Gallery

This Gainsborough production has three strong points which make it a good film: an unusually interesting scenario; accomplished and straightforward direction; the remarkable acting of Claude Rains. Of these assets the last is by far the greatest. The supporting cast, almost without exception, gives very creditable support, and Maurice Elvey has been content to tell a good story neatly, without recourse to filmic tricks; but lacking Claude Rains *The Clairvoyant* would be only a shadow of what he makes it: another film outside the ruck of British pictures. Now we are told that he has returned to the United States; if this is true, that we let him go is enough to justify several far ruder descriptions of our unenterprising film industry than the patient decorum of critics normally permits them to use. Hollywood has its Edward G. Robinson: why should we not keep Claude Rains—and contrive to find film-plots worthy of him? In this film he is Dr. Maximus, a music-hall mind-reader, plausible, rudimentary and bogus when performing with his wife (Fay Wray); when psychically inspired by a young affinity (Jane Baxter), possessed of genuine clairvoyance. The Derby and the disasters he predicts are excitingly handled, and when he attempts to save the lives of workers in a submarine tunnel, there is a dignified and exasperating irony about what follows—persecution and even prosecution in court—which gives him fine scope for acting of assured emotional force. Through the pure theatrical element of this part, as in *Crime Without Passion*, he glides as gracefully and startlingly as a fish. Though strictly commercial, an excellent film.

"Der Schemmelreiter" at the Academy

With *Der Schimmelreiter* we are back in the world of the Cinema with a capital C, denoting not commercial entertainment but conscious artistic endeavour. And this too, of its excellent semi-documentary type, is a satisfactory and attractive film. It contains many beautiful shots—in sepia, unfortunately; a trying and treacly colour which is to be deplored even in "exquisite cameos of land and sea," as the programme calls them. "The Rider on the White Horse" is a creature of Friesian folklore; like the clairvoyant Dr. Maximus, he has only to appear for "death, flood and destruction" to follow. His appearances, always dramatically photographed, are preceded by scenes of Friesian feasting, dancing, funeral, marriage and other customs. Hauke Haien is an upright young man—and a good German actor—who, in the face of strong opposition, forces these simple Dutch folk to build the modern dyke that is good for them, and himself succumbs, with his blonde and honest wife, in the floods which he allows to overflow the old dyke, while preserving the new. Sincere and picturesque, neither too "powerful" nor too leisurely, this German film is in some respects better than the Dutch picture, *Dood Water*, which is announced for forthcoming exhibition at the same cinema. I might add that the supporting programmes here and at the New Gallery display the exactly similar comic techniques of Ralph Lynn and Frank Morgan in a couple of farces, British and American, which are, respectively, too vulgar and too long, but quite funny. The latter film, especially, contains the most finished portrayal of a business instinct in blondes that I have ever witnessed on the American screen: an achievement which must not pass without comment.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 17th—
  Cricket. England *v.* South Africa (5th Test). The Oval.
  F.P.S.I. Conference. Dora Russell on "Has Left Education a Policy?" Beacon Hill School, nr. Brentwood, Essex, 8.
SUNDAY, August 18th—
  F.P.S.I. Conference. Kingsley Martin on "Why War is Not Imminent," 11; and Colin Clark on "A Socialist Budget," 8.
  Meeting organised by the International African Friends of Abyssinia. Speeches by Prof. Sandro Magri and others, Conway Hall, 8.
MONDAY, August 19th—
  "Man of Aran," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.
WEDNESDAY, August 21st—
  "Full House," Haymarket Theatre.

Europe's Crisis
ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

'In this brief essay, translated so admirably that it reads like an essay of John Morley, M. Siegfried has taken the world for his province. His structure is simple and classic in design, and masterly in its muscular economy of language; its theme is profoundly melancholy—the fall of Europe.'
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FICTION

Jew Boy
SIMON BLUMENFELD

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JONATHAN CAPE

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. W. H. AUDEN and Mr. John Garrett have just published a remarkable anthology called *The Poet's Tongue* (Bell, 6*s*.). It will attract the fastidious reader who usually avoids such collections, and it deserves to be as popular as the Proms. In their introduction the compilers say that the simplest definition of poetry is still the best: memorable speech. But memorable of what? "We shall do poetry a great disservice if we confine it only to the major experiences of life . . . . Those, in Mr. Spender's words, who try to put poetry on a pedestal only succeed in putting it on the shelf. Poetry is no better and no worse than human nature; it is profound and shallow, sophisticated and naive, dull and witty, bawdy and chaste in turn." Their object, then, has been to admit memorable verse of every kind, the trivial as well as the grand, to infuse a more robust and elastic taste than is usually provided by anthologies. It is agreeable, after the ornamental gardens of *The Golden Treasury* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, to come upon this stretch of country in which there are homely and jagged corners, and the view constantly surprises. Many of the pieces are anonymous—ballads, nursery rhymes, shanties, epitaphs, broadsheets, carols, a few exquisite and almost unknown lyrics. *Kubla Khan* is flanked by an Ingoldsby Legend and a poem of Lewis Carroll. Not all the folk-songs have been consecrated by Q.

Old Joe is dead, and gone to hell,
  O we say so, and we hope so;
Old Joe is dead, and gone to hell,
  O poor old Joe. . . .

The source of this shanty is not given, but I imagine that it dates from the last century. One merit of this anthology is that it reminds us of the great body of *living* folk-poetry which hardly finds its way into books.

* * *

All children delight in rhymes, and as they grow up to the recitation of standard verse they develop private enjoyments of their own, a sort of protest poetry which has little to do with what they are taught. Even in adult life, when the rigour of the "English hour" no longer holds, they continue to enjoy the unofficial poetry of music-hall songs, bawdy verses, camp ditties, which though for the most part a debased survival of the old ballad, are a good deal more vital than the run of respectable minor verse. How far the gap between high- and low-brow has widened in this respect can be seen by a comparison of the war poetry written in 1914–18 and the doggerel actually recited in the trenches—much of it wretched stuff, but with an occasional genuine strain. The Cockney soldier produced, or rather adapted, a mixture of the sentimental-ironic, of stoic humour and naive sexuality, which was remote from what any of our war-poets, heroic or realistic, were then feeling. Sometimes, in the understatement of horror, or in the escape to a region of pure nonsense, these verses have literary value. It is a pity that Messrs. Auden and Garrett have not been able to provide examples. Their other omission is of current obscene verse—unfortunately irremediable, thanks to the strict literary propriety of those who never read literature but keep a telescope at hand to observe the conduct of others who do.

* * *

In *The Poet's Tongue* the "real" poet and the anonymous bard appear side by side, and often, I think, we shall be surprised by the merits of the latter. Usually it is not possible to determine how far an anonymous poem, a ballad, for example, owes its quality to an individual or to the community. One can see, occasionally, traces of a literary development: the original poem has been enlarged and transformed by an Elizabethan poet, and then further "improved" (by the removal of its original portion) in the nineteenth century. This has happened to the poem printed here as "Tom o' Bedlam." The compilers draw our attention to its excellence in an index; but I am sorry to see that they use the Victorian version, popularised by Alice Meynell, from which much of the vigour has gone. The figure of Tom o' Bedlam, or Loving Mad Tom, is one of the most genuine creations of macabre fancy. In *Lear*, when Edgar wishes to feign madness, he wears the rags of the moonstruck beggar and calls out against the fiend—how different from Lear's madness! Yet this babbler, "that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt," as dependable a lunatic as the stage curate to-day, has a touch of nobility, of imbecile heroism which makes him more than the usual scenic scarecrow. The earliest song of Tom o' Bedlam that has been discovered, "From the Hagg and Hungry Goblin," appeared first in a manuscript collection dated 1615. It is certainly better than the many poems which grew out of it, in parts so good that a few years ago Mr. Robert Graves wrote an interesting essay assigning it to Shakespeare, with the suggestion that it was written to be sung by Edgar between scenes in the second act of *Lear*. These lines come from a good poet, though not necessarily a great one (they do not appear in the Auden and Garrett version):

I slept not since the Conquest
till then I never waked,
Till the rogysh boy of love where I lay
mee found and stript me naked.

The verse which immediately follows is rough and obscure, but then again an exquisite line:

The moon's my constant Mistress.

The most likely explanation of this unevenness is that the poet, Shakespeare or another, took a popular song and rewrote some of the lines before incorporating it in a play. With all its faults it is a better and more vigorous poem than the one printed in *The Poet's Tongue*. Where the original reads:

I knowe more than Apollo
for oft when he ly's sleeping
I see the starrs att bloudie warres
in the wounded welkin weeping,

modern refinement has substituted:

. . . I behold the stars at mortal wars
And the rounded welkin weeping.

I am surprised that Mr. Auden and Mr. Garrett have been content with this; for almost everywhere their anthology shows signs of wide research as well as an exacting taste.

* * *

The Poet's Tongue is a book which starts innumerable trains of thought. I find that I have discussed only those aspects in which it differs from other anthologies, its appearance of mufti. But the more regular beauties have been admirably chosen too, and the reader might compare some of these choices with Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Texts and Pretexts*, which sets an almost unapproachable standard in this respect. Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Shelley, Blake—it must be difficult to quote freshly from these and show them at their best, yet Mr. Auden and Mr. Garrett succeed in doing it; the seven poems from Tennyson and the five from Yeats have been exquisitely selected; Lewis Carroll appears again and again—in some way his *poetic* quality seems enhanced; Mr. Day Lewis's air flight makes a pendant to the storm stanzas of Hopkins's *Wreck of the Deutschland*. In an anthology of this kind it would be useless to talk about omissions—the gloomier landscapes, for example, of a whole line of poets from Crabbe to James Thomson are missing. Too much, perhaps, has been sacrificed to entertainment. But the result of juxtaposing the admitted best with pieces of a simpler, less acknowledged order has been to emphasise goodness of all kinds; there have been gains all round—a proof of the book's success. It is one of the few anthologies I have been able to read through with pleasure from beginning to end.

G. W. STONIER

THE SECOND EMPIRE

Carnets. By LUDOVIC HALÉVY. With an introduction and notes by DANIEL HALÉVY. 2 Vols. *Calmann-Lévy.* 15 francs each.

On the evening of the declaration of the Franco-Prussian War, through dense crowds delirious with enthusiasm, bellowing the heady verses of the *Marseillaise* and chanting the patriotic refrain: "A Berlin! A Berlin!" M. Thiers drove slowly down the boulevards in a closed carriage. He knew the military state of France, said the old statesman to his companion, M. Buffet; and he knew the state of Prussia. "Ecoutez-moi bien . . . *Nous sommes perdus.*" With this anecdote, Ludovic Halévy concludes the second volume of his *Carnets*, now edited and published by his son. Actually, his notebooks cover a period between 1862 and 1899; but M. Daniel Halévy has chosen to isolate the first eight years, thus lending his father's reminiscences a certain air of historical homogeneity that otherwise they might not have possessed. The result is a brilliant, though fragmentary, impression of Parisian society under the Second Empire. When the story opens, Halévy is working in close contact with one of the chief dignitaries of the Imperial regime, the Emperor's illegitimate brother, the Duc de Morny; when it closes, Morny is dead, he has severed all connection with the Government and is earning and enjoying a large income as part-author of *La Belle Hélène*, *La Vie Parisienne*, *Froufrou* and other theatrical successes, with whose names the legend of Imperial glory and infamy is still closely bound up.

His *Carnets*, however, are very far from being the haphazard and scandalous chronicle one might have anticipated. Though his days and nights were spent in the atmosphere of grease-paint and intrigue, though his ingenuity went to provide a fitting vehicle for the meretricious attractions of Hortense Schneider, Halévy remained a man of many interests, an acute observer and keen critic of the age in which he lived. Towards the end of his career, with a discretion that one cannot help regretting—his son describes it as being inspired by "une nervosité un peu maladive"—he deleted a large number of his original notes. The tone of the book, therefore, is somewhat impersonal; yet, even so, it contains a vivid reflection of one of the most fascinating and extraordinary periods in the whole history of European politics and manners. Notwithstanding his early attachment to the Duc de Morny, the dramatist never abandoned his extremely critical attitude towards the Government that his patron represented.

> On s'étonnera peut-être (writes his son) que Ludovic Halévy ait été tout à la fois l'intime ami d'un écrivain en guerre contre l'Empire et le secrétaire intime du plus haut personnage de ce même Empire. Mais ces régimes du dix-neuvième siècle, ceux mêmes qu'on appelait des tyrannies, avaient une souplesse que n'ont pas les régimes de notre temps, et le Second Empire, comparé aux dictatures modernes, est un pale precurseur. Il y a un mot bien connu de Napoleon III: "On se plaint que les choses n'aillent pas tout droit dans mon gouvernement. Comment en serait-il autrement? L'Impératrice est légitimiste, Morny est orléaniste, je suis républicain. Il n'y a qu'un bonapartiste, c'est Persigny, et il est fou."

Indeed, when the Napoleonic regime is compared with its modern equivalents in Germany and Italy, the odd little adventurer and ex-Liberal, whose long, fine-rolled moustaches, projecting on either side of the pasty ancestral mask, suggest the antennae of some delicate, apprehensive insect, strikes the modern reader as an extremely harmless tyrant. Only at the close of the Imperial adventure does Halévy—though he was never uncritical—begin to write of the Emperor, and of the tortuous and provocative part that he played in European politics, with downright aversion and contempt. Meanwhile, a glow of apparent prosperity irradiated and transfigured the entire Parisian scene. The *Carnets* contain many interesting political sidelights; but it is as the historian of manners and fashions that Halévy is at his best. Through his eyes we catch a glimpse of the dusty, hectic life in the wings of a great theatre—the dancers, those half-human apparitions so familiar to us in the paintings and pastels of Degas, as they flit backwards and forwards in the gratifying illusion of the limelight; their admirers and protectors, foreign noblemen, visiting potentates and rich *agents de change;* and, finally, their mothers, mercenary but devoted old ladies, whose type Halévy was to sum up in the character of his famous Madame Cardinal.

That Madame Cardinal, with her dignity, her sententiousness and her well-thought-out creed of maternal exploitation, was a fair and accurate portrait is sufficiently proved by a number of thumb-nail sketches, afterwards worked up into the finished picture. Here, for example, is Madame Cardinal at a solemn moment:

> . . . Les Prussiens ont envahi la Saxe et le Hanovre. Il paraît à peu près certain que nous sommes les alliés occultes des Prussiens. . . L'Empereur et l'Impératrice assistaient ce soir le plus tranquillement du monde, en bons bourgeois, à la représentation de *Un Monsieur qui suit les femmes*, au théâtre du Palais-Royal. . . . Moi, dans les coulisses, je causais avec la mere Montaland qui avait fait un petit trou dans le décor afin de voir quelle impression sa fille Céline faisait sur son souverain. Et tout en causant avec cette respectable dame j'admirais sans l'envier le calme de cet homme qui vient rire un peu au Palais-Royal pendant que quinze cent mille hommes par sa faute sinon par sa volonté. . . . se préparent a s'entre-tuer en Allemagne et en Italie. Et pendant que je pensais à cela, la mere Montaland, radieuse, de me pousser le bras et de me dire: "*Il lorgne Céline.*" Je regarde, et, en effect, il lorgnait Céline.

Admirers of Halévy's comic gifts will not have forgotten the first story in *Madame and Monsieur Cardinal;* and they will be amused to find this anecdote jotted down almost word for word in his notebook. As time went on, Paris, under the transforming touch of the Emperor and Baron Haussmann, came to resemble more and more a vast fair-ground where the notabilities of Europe resorted to spend their own—and other people's—money. "Paris n'est plus qu'une immense guinguette, oui, mais quelle guinguette! . . ." wrote Halévy in June, 1867. A few days earlier, he had enjoyed the sensation of introducing the Prince of Wales to Hortense Schneider at the Théâtre des Variétés. "Ah quel quart d'heure! . . . Et quelle conversation. . . . Le prince a été fort aimable avec moi. Il m'a dit qu'il avait vu *La Belle Hélène* et *La Vie Parisienne*, mais qu'il regrettait de n'avoir pas vu *Barbe-Bleue*. Cette connaissance approfondie de notre répertoire m'a touché. Voila un prince qui évidemment gouvernera bien l'Angleterre."

That same year—the year of the Exhibition—Halévy visited London, admired the equestrian beauties of Hyde Park and was much impressed by the appearance of wealth that he found on all sides—"Ce n'est pas le luxe tapageur et criard de Paris, non, c'est un luxe solide et tranquille." Paris, nevertheless, remained the centre of his world, the focus and justification of the life that he knew. "Une ville en dehors de Paris," as Meilhac, his collaborator, observed on the journey from Paris to Brussels, "à quoi bon?" "Les villes de province ne sont en effet guère autre chose que de braves bourgeois honnêtes et laborieux qui s'épuisent pour entretenir une belle fille qui est Paris. Leur maitresse se moque d'eux, les gruge, les rançonne, les pille et les ruine, mais gaiment, brillament et en leur faisant honneur." But the presiding genius of the scene had fallen on evil days. Hubris was succeeded by Ate, the enthusiasm with which the Parisian crowds had welcomed the news of war, by deep dejection as reports of disaster after disaster reached the capital—of the collapse of an army badly led and worse equipped. History was to justify Thiers' prediction. The crime of the *coup d'état* was expiated on the field of Sedan.

PETER QUENNELL

NEW NOVELS

Follow the Furies. By ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

The Transients. By MARK VAN DOREN. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Not in a Day or Seven. By GEORGE ALBEE. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

All three of these novels come from America. *Follow the Furies* is by a long way the best. Its theme, which would in a headline blacken into The Right to Kill, might lend itself to sensational treatment, but Miss Eleanor Carroll Chilton has built round it a calm, measured, unabstract and strangely attractive book, making no attempt to mobilise hectic sympathy. Her manner is, I think, for a book of this kind, ideal. *Follow the Furies* has the solidity of a Mrs. Wharton novel, an equally sober and unobtrusive excellence of style: its social scene is set with the same sureness and grace. Miss Chilton knows how to render the charm of a house and household, how both to assume security and to convey its appeal. She gives value to pleasant, unsuspicious relations between people, and can command the idiom of easy, intimate, funny talk. Though the interplay of her plot is between two generations, these are not forced into the conflict novels have made stale. There is no guying of characters, no wink between author and readers at anybody's expense. The atmosphere, like that of a good house, is at once natural and dignified.

That this is in no sense a dreadful book adds force to the tragedy. The Lintons' pleasant stone house is not a stage set for drama, or for the decision that confronts Barbara Linton when she comes home from college, having graduated Phi Beta Kappa. She has a sympathetic, didactic, successful-novelist father, Hugh Linton; and a brilliant mother, his wife, Grace. But Grace Linton has just been struck down by an appalling form of sclerosis—whose last phases are too bad to contemplate—deformation, idiocy. Barbara decides that her mother ought to be spared living longer. If one may distinguish between theme and subject, the subject of this novel is the inflammation of a young, self-regarding, sensitive, passionate person by ideas received, or forced in, from outside and not ready, yet, to be brought to bear on life. Barbara, like the hero of M. Bourget's *Le Disciple*, is the victim of ideas: there is, in spite of its placid, faultless modernity, a ninetyish atmosphere in this book. After her fatal act, Barbara's sense of doom and black isolation take the form of a persecution mania in which she envisages a hostile God. To handle a theme like this without melodrama or fuss, in a low-pitched way, is an achievement. Miss Chilton has not written a merely "painful" book. Her technique has no tricky brilliance; it is staid, traditional: the novel is a monument to its effectiveness. Her characterisation and dialogue are very good.

After a book that absorbs you till you do not know you are reading, *The Transients* is rather literary. Mr. Van Doren is a well-known and formidable American critic. He writes English almost too well, and his novel, in which the more personal side of his imagination escapes, perhaps, for the first time, has the essayist's leisurely, introspective pace. New England is its setting, and a New England earnestness and metaphysical uneasiness pervades the story, which, chiefly about the love of two not quite human beings, doomed to live on this earth for a span of time, is a little vague. Though the publisher says "No reader will miss its significance," I, for one, have; but possibly that is my fault. Appreciation is limited by one's experience, and the adventures of John Bole and Margaret Shade correspond to nothing in mine. I should be sorry to irritate Mr. Van Doren with misapplied criticism. Is it a tribute to say that the book gets on one's nerves in much the same way as *The Immortal Hour* did? In the earlier chapters, when John is in gaol behind the village blacksmith's house, it looks as though this might be yet another *Passing of the Third Floor Back*: John sees through doors, and "was smiling now as though the sunlight had crept around his lips and eyes." But that clears off: the hero has pointed ears and is, though innocently, amorous. When he is let out, Madge, the blacksmith's daughter, hopefully follows him. But when John and Margaret, at once his doom and his complement, reunite, they shake off Madge and have a good many rather high-hat discussions about "mortals." They have a honeymoon in a deserted house among autumn woods, and talk for a week, at the end of which John has his expected apotheosis and disappears. He disappears dissatisfied, for he has not talked enough yet. Margaret perceives this, the last day of the honeymoon. "That was it. He was uncomfortable not for the reason that she was; he had no scruples; he was not changing his mind. It was merely that he still found something on his mind that needed to be said. He was still not done explaining himself. She would not say justifying himself. No, because he really had never wavered, in spite of all he had confessed yesterday about the difficulty of the week. It was exactly as it had always been: he wanted to make her understand everything more fully than he had feared she did. He was suffering because he would not talk." No doubt a good many honeymoons are like that. But there seems to be little point in threshing everything out if you are going shortly to disappear. There must be more to Mr. Van Doren's book than this, and I would not wish to discourage anybody from reading it. Wistful, semi-ascetic novels of less merit than this get a good press in England. *The Transients* written by an Englishman might have been infinitely more embarrassing.

Not in a Day or Seven is a rattling good story about an American woman who slides her way into business and makes a big success. Claudine Whitter is described on the wrapper as a female Juggernaut of business. She is one of those solid, nerveless, single-minded women with an octopoid personality. The first chapter, childhood and early days, led me to think that the novel would be picturesque: Claudine, child of the marriage of a Kentucky colonel who is also a Jew, called Sam Cohen, and a Russian ex-vestal virgin of easy ways, is whisked over to Europe on each occasion of her mother's elopements. However, Claudine gets going, gets into her stride, sends herself to an exclusive finishing school and achieves, during one vacation, her first objective: marriage into the conventional world. She seduces the pretty, virginal Jeremy Whitter, son of the Whitters of Whitterville, who make razors, then whisks him to the altar with rapid propriety. She has learnt that to succeed one must be *très femme*, and her earliest triumphs are domestic and social. Her bridal ambition—modest enough in view of ensuing successes—to make over the Whitter house—one of those charming crazy extensive wooden structures overlooking the Hudson across a wide lawn—into a Roman villa, she, oddly enough, does not realise for thirty-seven years. But meanwhile she accomplishes almost everything else. She patents a safety-razor, coaxed from the eccentric Whitter uncle, who had invented it, raises her own factory and reduces the family firm to comparative nonentity. On the strength of this her Wall Street triumphs are fabulous. This is, refreshingly, *not* a book about the heart of a business woman: Claudine does not reel or quaver before the stroke of passion: she has no heart, marriage canalises her sensuality, and her respectability is ponderous. In no form does Nemesis appear. This light-hearted grim, efficient and slightly vulgar book is to be recommended for holiday reading, in trains, on hotel terraces or by the sea. Mr. George Albee tells a story admirably.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

Reminder Holiday List

(*Continued from opposite page*)

The Mistletoe Child. An Autobiography of Childhood. HERBERT PALMER. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

★"Mr. Palmer has not faked, or sentimentalised, or glossed over his childhood. Quite the contrary. . . . *The Mistletoe Child* is strange, unexpected. The point of Mr. Palmer is that he is unique."—David Garnett.

Illustrated from late Victorian photographs.

No Quarter Given. PAUL HORGAN. *Constable.* 732 *pp.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Gerald Gould (*Observer*): "I would urge the claims of this extraordinarily full, various, strong and delicate book upon all my readers; it is very, very good, and has touches of greatness."

Perchance to Dream. MARY LUTYENS. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

★"A lovely, pellucid book. I think *mesure* in the French sense gives the quality of the book, and I recommend it to those who are interested in the relations of men and women."—Cyril Connolly.

Sir Walter Ralegh. The last of the Elizabethans. By EDWARD THOMPSON. Illustrated. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

★"He attempts to give us a complete study of his subject's life, with all its oddities, inconsistencies, moral vagaries—to the long decline that prefaced the tragic epilogue. We get a picture of an Elizabethan in the round."—Peter Quennell. "His book is a spacious revival of spacious days."—*Punch.*

The Twisted Tree. FRANK BAKER. *Peter Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

★"For relaxation without exasperation I recommend *The Twisted Tree* . . . which seems to have been written by the ghost of D. H. Lawrence seated on the grave of Mary Webb."—Peter Quennell.

The Unknown Eros. DORIS LANGLEY MOORE. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Singularly well-written. . . . A work at once highly finished and highly promising. I recommend it heartily."—Gerald Gould in *The Observer*.

Young Renny. MAZO DE LA ROCHE. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"A jolly book, like its predecessors" (*Ralph Straus*). "A most exciting study" (*Liverpool Post*). "A lively robust, open-air tale." (*M. Post*). "An unfailing source of delight." (*Scotsman*). "It is undoubtedly a rich seam." (*Manchester Guardian*).

A Reminder Holiday List—

★ The quotations with a star are from reviews in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Hugh Walpole's great Herries Series. *Macmillan. 5s. each.*

ROGUE HERRIES. THE FORTRESS.
JUDITH PARIS. VANESSA.

Abyssinia on the Eve. Ladislas Farago. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

To be published on August 19th. Fully illustrated. An up-to-date account of Abyssinia, its Emperor and its people, their customs and means of defence.

The Ancient World. A Beginning. T. R. Glover. Illustrated. *Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.*

★" Dr Glover has a happy gift of domesticating his learning, and he will be a dunce indeed who reading this 'beginning' will not be fired by the spirit that informs it to seek more and more knowledge of the world through which Dr Glover moves so freely and so naturally."

Before I Forget. Bertie Hollender. *Grayson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Marquess of Donegal: " Bertie Hollender's book has been amusing me the last two or three days. The author is an international character who has met everyone worth knowing, and his book is full of good stories."

The Coming of Aïssa. Oliver Baldwin. *Grayson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Daily Telegraph : " A sincere piece of work."

John O'London's Weekly : " A serious, sympathetic tale."

Sunday Dispatch : " A book that will shock and anger most of those who see it."

Conquering Seas. L. Luard. *The Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

★" *Conquering Seas*, a story of the North Sea trawling fleet, of hardship, rivalry and disaster, is a book well worth reading—a popular novel that really deserves its popularity."—Peter Quennell.

The Dangerous Twins. Edgar Jepson. *Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net.*

" In *The Dangerous Twins* Mr. Jepson gives us a mixture as before and I know of no more refreshing holiday brew."—*The Observer.*
" The author has lost neither his bright speed nor his romantic ruthlessness as a storyteller."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

The Devil at Saxon Wall. Gladys Mitchell. *Grayson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

" Torquemada ": " A new Gladys Mitchell is as much an event as a new Dorothy L. Sayers."

Early One Morning. Walter de la Mare. *Faber.* 21*s.*

" The best thing he has done."—*Spectator.* " There is more beauty and tenderness in this work than in any book which has come into my reviewer's ken."—James Agate, *Daily Express.* " Far more enticing even than *Desert Islands*."—*The Listener.* " Indispensable to anyone who has to do with children, or wishes, as far as that is possible, to understand them."—*London Mercury.*

Exmoor. The Riding Playground of England. Cecil Aldin. *Witherby. 7s. 6d. With drawings and large scale maps by the Author.*

" It is difficult to give an adequate indication of the charm of this book with its reminiscent notes on old well-known characters and inns and its loving details of river, stream, and bridle-paths."—*Times.*

Farmer's Boy. John R. Allan. *Methuen.* Illustrated, 6*s. net.*

" No new-fangled tricks of phrase—just the inspired telling of the facts. This is a rich, coarse, tender, lovely and perfect book—a book to have and to hold." —Gerald Gould (*The Observer*).

Fell Top. Winifred E. Watson. *Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.*

" Miss Watson is to be congratulated on a 400-page novel with an interesting and unusual plot and strong characters."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Forest Twilight. Frank Dorn. *Harrap. 7s. 6d.*

A novel of pygmy life in the Philippine Islands, by a writer who has had the unique opportunity of studying the subject at first-hand. ★" An unusual book. Gives a very real picture of the passions and occupations of these tiny, primitive, and almost extinct Negritos."—Cyril Connolly.

A Frenchman Sees the English in the 'Fifties. Adapted from the French of Francis Wey by Valerie Pirie. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

★" It is impossible here to detail Mr. Wey's reactions to the sights which he saw in London, Windsor, Oxford, Brighton and elsewhere, and to the various customs of the country which struck him as unusual; discerning readers will hasten to acquire Mrs. Pirie's book, which is charmingly got up and is embellished with ten attractive illustrations."

Hashish. Henry de Monfreid. *Methuen.* Illustrated, 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

" The whole narrative is thrilling and novel, and it rings true."—Compton Mackenzie in the *Daily Mail.*

If She Is Wise. Sarah Campion. *Peter Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

" I have laughed and laughed over it. . . . one of the most original and amusing first novels I have struck for a long time."—Gerald Gould.

Jake. Naomi Royde Smith. *Macmillan. 7s. 6d.*

" This story of a musical genius is told with exquisite grace and skill. . . . A tale which for human interest is outstandingly interesting."—*Douglas West* (*Daily Mail*).

" A thoroughly entertaining presentation of the professional (musical) life . . . . An exciting and distinguished novel."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Lament for the Death of an Upper Class. Henry de Montherlant. *John Miles. 7s. 6d. net.*

★" This is Montherlant's best book, and he now emerges as a fine mature observer of human nature with a devastating hatred of the old, the rich, the French . . . I think English readers will be interested to see an evening walk in Paris described in equal terms of horror to Joyce's galas in Dublin, or to what we feel about Tottenham Court Road. This is a very remarkable book in the realist school."—Cyril Connolly.

Land of Women. Katharina von Dombrowski. *Putnam. 7s. 6d.*

" Succeeds admirably in recreating the atmosphere of the time and giving an almost personal interest in the life of even the most insignificant character."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

The Lemon Farm. Martin Boyd. *Dent. 7s. 6d.*

★" The book is written with great freshness and spontaneity of dialogue. I have never seen village society so severely trounced, and the satire is all the more savage because it is not exaggerated. A fine and convincing love-story." —Cyril Connolly. *2nd Impression.*

(*Continued on opposite page*)

GANGSTERS OR PATRIOTS ?

Heroes and Assassins. By STOYAN CHRISTOWE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ours must have been a happy world thirty years ago. It had leisure of mind to feel interested when Macedonians were outraged and Armenians massacred. I can remember addressing meetings about Macedonia in Cathedral cloisters and Nonconformist chapels, and big sums of money were collected which it fell to me to distribute to a hundred and fifty villages that Abdul Hamid's troops burned to the ground in 1903. To-day Macedonia has been liberated : it is much more savagely oppressed by the Serbs than it ever was by the Turks, and no one cares, not even the League of Nations.

The history of the secret insurgent organisation which roused its population against the Turks, and tried to keep up an unequal struggle with the much cleverer Serbs and Greeks, has at last been told, adequately and vividly, by a capable American journalist who is himself a Macedonian by birth. When I knew I.M.R.O. (International Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation) it was, save in the bigger towns, the effective government of the country. Its secret courts were obeyed : its taxes were paid, often willingly : its troops (the comitadjis) went about openly, at least in the mountain villages : it put a stop to a vast amount of daily oppression by Turkish landlords. Though it had many murders, which it called executions, on its record, I thought at that time that its activities produced a balance of good. I may have been biased, for one of its bands saved my life from a Greek band that lay in ambush to " execute " me. Certainly its leaders were idealists, and so also were its terrorists, who always risked, and usually lost, their lives, when they struck down an enemy of the people.

Mr. Christowe has written a moving and truthful account of the early years of I.M.R.O. I knew several of the leaders whom he was too young to know, and I can testify that he has caught perfectly their spirit of mad, logical heroism. In that world nothing mattered save nationality and political liberty. One could cultivate no intellectual or aesthetic interests in that disturbed society. Constructive political activity was ruled out. Even to money-grubbing under a predatory administration there were severe limits. The result was that every Macedonian who was mentally alive—and it is a virile and intelligent race—became a fanatical nationalist. Every consideration of morality or personal interest went down before this one absorbing passion. The leaders led austere and usually brief careers, hunted and hunting : they took life as lightly as they offered it up, and their one vice was the vanity that will sacrifice everything to live in memory as a national hero.

To me, however, the more absorbing part of this book is the story of I.M.R.O. after the war, when cathedral cloisters lost interest in Macedonia, and most of us were too unhappy about the world at large to notice what happened in this remote corner. The original leaders were all killed off. Those who followed, Alexandroff and Michailoff, became dictators. The old open warfare, waged by big bands that numbered anything from twenty to two hundred men, had to be abandoned, for the Serbs and Greeks had a system, an energy and a knowledge of the country that the Turks never attained. At first the bands shrank to handfuls of four or five men. Latterly everything devolved on the solitary assassin. Meanwhile, half the population of Macedonia had emigrated to Bulgaria, and inevitably it became involved in the politics of that unhappy country. In effect I.M.R.O. governed the fragment of Macedonia that fell to Bulgaria, used it as a base against Serbia, and took part, in all the revolutions and counter-revolutions that have made Balkan history since the Peace. Policy in the new conditions was difficult to frame : naturally dissensions followed, and through the last decade the energies of I.M.R.O. were engaged mainly in internecine warfare, and hardly at all in the struggle for Macedonian autonomy. Internecine warfare means in plain words mutual murder. Mr. Christowe shows how gradually the Macedonians by their turbulence wearied the patience of Bulgaria and aroused the Fascist-militarist reaction that now governs the country. It suppressed the Macedonians and made peace with Serbia. Mr. Christowe is a kindly chronicler, but his tale is one of an inescapable moral degeneration, though to the end the old reckless courage survived. He makes clear what had been for most of us obscure—the stages by which the Macedonians became allied with the more radical Croatians. I.M.R.O. lent the latter a staff of experienced terrorists, so that it was actually a Macedonian who shot King Alexander and M. Barthou at Marseilles. Mr. Christowe predicts that I.M.R.O., though it now has no secure base, and has lost most of its conspicuous men by mutual massacre, will be in the near future more formidable to Europe's peace than ever it was in the past. He may be right, but there is just a faint chance that Jugo-Slavia may adopt the federalist solution in good faith. In that event Macedonia might expect a relatively happy future. However this may be, he has written one of the most human and readable books ever inspired by the Balkans, and that is high praise, for this literature runs from Kinglake to Miss Durham.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

SEX

Sex. By KENNETH WALKER. Twentieth Century Library. *Lane.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Walker has undertaken a formidable task. He discusses sex in all its aspects, biological, psychological, social, historical and even astronomical, in less than 150 small pages. He borrows extensively from Havelock Ellis and Ouspensky (to both of whom he acknowledges his debt) and the resulting volume may well serve a useful purpose in introducing readers to Havelock Ellis's more exhaustive treatment of the subject. The reader who is led by the dust-jacket to expect some revolutionary theory, may, however, justifiably consider himself aggrieved.

It is an appalling reflection on current social mentality that the author, in his preface to what is, after all, a very mild book, should feel obliged to defend himself against accusations of immorality. That this defence is necessary is indubitable, for he commits the unforgivable sin of dealing with sex in the light of commonsense instead of in the darkness of taboo and prejudice. Thus, he deplores the existence of prostitution, but, instead of thundering a denunciation of its evils, he discusses the problem reasonably, shows that it is made inevitable by the conventions of marriage, and considers that the benefits of that institution outweigh its accompanying defects.

A few years ago I spent some time in Singapore and found in existence a number of *maisons tolerées*, subject to official inspection, which catered for the needs of the several thousand young English bachelors in that city. Such an example of continental manners in a British colony was as surprising as it was short-lived. The local council chamber was made to reverberate with the sounds of moral indignation ; the *maisons tolerées* were closed and their inhabitants shipped from the colony ; permits to land were refused to European women whose respectability was in doubt, and the matrons of Singapore were able to resume their day-long sessions at bridge and mah-jongg tables, complacent in the thought that an evil had been ejected from their midst.

Dr. Walker is eminently sensible, and he follows Havelock Ellis in using the word deviation instead of perversion to describe those aspects of sex which cannot be fitted into our cherished code of behaviour. This is an interesting example of rational phraseology which might have tremendous effects if it could be extended. A court of law will sentence a man guilty of homosexual practices to five years hard labour, but, in any country which still pays even lip service to reason, would it be possible to find a jury willing to convict a man for having an inadequate quota of male hormones ?

It is unfortunate that the general excellence of Dr. Walker's book is marred by occasional loose writing. He contradicts himself, for example, when discussing sexual deviations, all of which he places in the category which Ouspensky terms infra-sex. On Page 20 he states that infra-sex is incapable of sublimation, but on Page 63 he refers to "cultured examples of homosexuality" who " find an outlet for the urge which has been forbidden sexual expression in art, music, literature, or social welfare." On another page he writes : " During the war when English soldiers were in Holland, several hundred Dutch girls became mothers as the result of watching the fascinating walk of the English soldiers." A case of mass parthenogenesis which hardly seems to have received the publicity it deserves !

But, in spite of occasional slipshodderies and an extremely inexpert use of punctuation, Dr. Walker is to be congratulated on having compiled an admirable " Intelligent Man's Introduction to Sex," which should (but of course will not) be purchased in large numbers by educational authorities and used as a text-book. Sex is a primitive emotion which we can neither fully understand nor fully control, but it is essential that we should consider its manifestations reasonably and refrain from condemning out of hand all those whose sexual desires do not conform to a code which is based largely on the practice of nomad Semitic tribes living on a different continent and in another age. GEOFFREY PARSONS

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MONETARY POLICY RE-STATED

The Problem of Credit Policy. By E. F. M. DURBIN. *Chapman and Hall.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Durbin's new book is a great advance on his first—which was itself a work of merit and importance. The argument of *Purchasing Power and Trade Depression* was to some extent marred by a tendency to lump together every sort of "under-consumptionist"—from Messrs. Foster and Catchings and Major Douglas at one extreme to Mr. J. A. Hobson at the other. Mr. Durbin has now thrown off this weakness, and correspondingly modified his general conclusions. In his earlier work he was concerned to amend Professor Hayek's thesis that total money income should be kept stable only to the extent of arguing for stability of income per head of population instead of absolutely. He now recognises that the desirable level of income must be such as to induce reasonably full employment of the available resources of production, and therefore repudiates deflation and justifies a reflationary policy up to the point required to secure this condition of equilibrium. He further recognises the need, in framing a satisfactory monetary policy, for distinguishing between the elements of which the total money circulation is made up—personal spendings, business spendings on current output, and spendings connected with stock market and similar transactions. He emphasises the impossibility of achieving a planned monetary policy without fuller knowledge of the actual course of expenditure in these three forms, or without close co-ordination between the banking system and the Government. He also comes down on the side of "consumers' credits"—at any rate in the shape of Government spending, designed to correct monetary disequilibrium, financed not by taxation or borrowing, but by emission of new money through the banks.

Mr. Durbin's book is divided into two parts. In the first part he goes more thoroughly than in his previous book into the theoretical aspects of monetary policy; and in the second he attempts to draw practical conclusions about what ought to be done. His book is not altogether easy reading—as indeed no book can be that really faces the complexities of modern monetary and trade cycle theory—but he has done his best to render complex arguments intelligible by copious use of simple and well-arranged diagrams. His broad conclusion, in favour of stable money incomes, remains unchanged; but he now recognises more clearly than before that it is appropriate only in a situation in which a tolerable equilibrium already exists. He is also far less critical than he was of attempts at price-stabilisation, and more disposed to insist on the need for freedom from the gold standard, in order that exchange rates may be left room to vary, and monetary conditions adapted rather to internal requirements than to the pressure of external forces. Mr. Durbin's book is not of a kind that can be easily summarised or criticised in a brief review; but certainly it is an important contribution to its subject, well worth study both by the unco' orthodox and by those "credit reformers" who will be able to find in it both a skilful refutation of their more extravagant claims and a recognition of their hold on some part of the essential truth.

G. D. H. COLE

GEORGE THE FOURTH

George the Fourth. By ROGER FULFORD. *Duckworth.* 9s.

It is an appealing portrait that Mr. Fulford manages to draw of George the Fourth. The handsome young prince, escaping from the trivial routine of his parent's household; the magnetic friend, adored by all the *jeunesse dorée* of his youth; the irresistible lover, flitting from one ageing mistress to another till the very end; the warm-hearted liberal, swearing eternal faithfulness to Fox; the connoisseur of painting and founder of the National Gallery; the admirer of Jane Austen and Walter Scott and even of his lampooner, Byron; the builder and restorer of half the royal residences; the gorgeous Regent, celebrating English victories with most un-English festivities; the King, finding refuge at last in a succession of Tory ministries; and finally, the legend, a voice crying across the wilderness of Victorianism in even fainter echoes—"Peel, where *did* you get that dressing-gown?"

Mr. Fulford puts forward this apology for George the Fourth with all the charm, skill and conscientiousness that characterised his previous book on the royal dukes. He knows exactly how history should be written: he never loses himself either among the minor accuracies of the historical pedant or among the tiresome anecdotes of the historical gossip-writer. But though his perspective is admirable, his colouring is altogether too rosy. All his persuasive advocacy, all the evidence that he marshals so adroitly on his side, are unlikely to make any serious impression on the hatred, ridicule, and contempt that George the Fourth has received from his own and every subsequent generation. One need not agree with the sweeping and ignorant verdict of Thackeray's *Four Georges* in order to reject Mr. Fulford's heroic attempts at extenuation.

Take, for example, his political views. In accordance with the usual practice of his family, he throws himself as a young man into the arms of his father's political enemies. It needed a far stronger character than the Prince's to resist the amazing fascination of Charles James Fox: from the very first he prostrated himself in entire "faithfulness to Fox." But alas, the Prince's faithfulness was always a unilateral arrangement. Fox was to do his thinking and his talking for him. He on his side lied to Fox about his marriage both before and after it took place, and let Fox risk all his credit on a denial of it; while, rather than confess his own mendacity to Mrs. Fitzherbert, he let her break off all relations with Fox. He deserted Fox in the crisis of the India Bill: he deserted him in the cold and friendless days of the French revolution. When Fox was dead, though it amused him to receive his Tory ministers beneath Fox's bust, his faithfulness extended neither to Fox's principles nor to Fox's friends. As Regent and as King, he showed no inkling of any political sense or conscience except in the matter of Catholic Emancipation: and this great reform, longed for by Fox, and remembered as the most glorious monument of George's reign, was passed by a Tory ministry in spite of all the threats and dismissals and tears and kisses that were showered on Peel and Wellington by the faithful disciples of Fox. If Mr. Fulford wishes to maintain that the Coronation Oath was anything more than a pretext for this resistance, he at least should not be so honest as to quote it: for the "maintenance of the Protestant religion" does not involve the persecution of the Catholic.

To the Victorian biographer George the Fourth's relations with women presented few complications. He did not live with his wife, and he did live with several other women, and that was all there was to it. But if he is judged by a more human standard the verdict will be harsher still. Nobody still blames him for deserting and wishing to divorce his strumpet of a Queen: but the way in which he treated his mistress is unforgivable. That Mrs. Fitzherbert was fond of him is the most creditable fact that is known about him. Mr. Fulford declares that she was willing to be his mistress (though her consultation with the Vatican in 1799 is hardly consistent with this), and that their marriage was the Prince's own idea: he continues to make this theory plausible by explaining that, although the Prince knew that the marriage was void in law, he regarded it as a solemn "undertaking before God." Everybody knows how that solemn undertaking was honoured: but Mr. Fulford draws a curtain over the actual circumstances of Mrs. Fitzherbert's two successive dismissals. In June 1794, after nine years of marriage, without any previous quarrel or disagreement, as Mrs. Fitzherbert was sitting at a dinner party where she had arranged only the day before to meet the Prince, a note was handed to her to say that he would never enter her house again—he had taken up with Lady Jersey. Again, in June 1811, after she had lived with him for another eleven years, he informed her that she could not sit at his table at the Carlton House fete—"you know, Madam, that you have no place": this time, it was because he had decided that Lady Hertford would be a more fitting companion for the joys of the Regency which he was thus inaugurating. Mr. Fulford characterises this behaviour as "odd": but he does well to suppress the details if he wishes to persuade us that his hero was even a gentleman.

It will be understood from this that Mr. Fulford does not make any pretence of impartiality. His book must be judged as a piece of advocacy: and as such it is altogether admirable. For George the Fourth was a complicated character, and there was good in him. He had a fair average intelligence, lots of humour and charm; and he could at times prove himself extraordinarily considerate. As an Irish peer, or as an unmarried princess, he might have occupied some quite agreeable niche in English social history. But a more effeminate character was never dumped upon a throne. All the banquets and fetes, all the stays and grease-paint, all the externals in which he delighted and excelled, could not make a king out of a chorus-boy.

The present tendency to rid history of moralisation is all to the good. Let us by all means get as far as possible away from the methods of Macaulay, or still more of Thackeray: let us judge people by what they did, not by what a Victorian Whig would have done in their places. But this revision of our historical standpoint should be carried all along the line, not merely applied to the more glamorous and entertaining figures of the past. Mr. Fulford has done more than justice to George the Fourth: but how much better the same industry and ingenuity would have been spent in rehabilitating the reputation of George the Third.

CHRISTOPHER HOBHOUSE

THE LILY

Lilies. By H. DRYSDALE WOODCOCK and J. COUTTS. *Country Life.* 15*s.*

Wild Flowers of the Great Dominions of the British Empire. By LADY ROCKLEY. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

Shrubs for Amateurs. By W. J. BEAN. *Country Life.* 5*s.*

Here are three books to delight the hearts of all who care for flowers. After the fantasies of a writer whom Mr. Sean O'Casey has recently nick-named the Prince Charming of literature, it is refreshing to come upon three books written by gardeners whose enthusiasms are tempered by knowledge, and whose books are serious, and in one case classic contributions to the literature of horticulture.

The classic is *Lilies.* No book on lilies has appeared in this country since Mr. Grove's work appeared in 1911, and no really comprehensive guide to their cultivation or propagation or history has ever appeared in either Europe or America. The lily, indeed, so far from being gilded, has until recent years been the Cinderella of garden flowers. The publication of any work dealing even in a modest way with lilies is therefore an event, and Messrs. Woodcock and Coutts, fully aware of this, have clearly spared no trouble to make their own book a classic event worthy of the most classical of all flowers. For the lily is and has been for at least as long as 2,000 years not merely a flower but an emblem. *L. candidum,* the Madonna of gardens, occupies a position above all other lilies and all other flowers as being the sacred emblem of a trio of saints, St. Francis, St. John the Baptist and St. Anthony of Padua, and has been known and loved in gardens for countless centuries. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Parkinson knew many lilies of which gardeners to-day are still inexplicably shy, and in the eighteenth century Linnaeus knew and described a dozen species, together with some varieties of martagon. After this came three centuries of famine in lily culture, not broken until the arrival in 1862 " of that bewitching beauty from the far-east—*auratum,* the Golden-rayed lily of Japan," and the revolutionary discovery, forty years later, of *regale.* It was *regale,* easy of culture, exquisite, and above all prolific in seed, that finally changed the attitude of gardeners to the whole genus, leading in time to the foundation of a lily committee under the R.H.S. and probably to the enthusiasm which has inspired this book.

It is a book which no one with half a heart for lilies ought to miss. Reading it, one marvels that men still employ other men to drill for them hideous regiments of geraniums when such treasures as *regale, chalcedonicum, auratum, polyphyllum, Henryi, speciosum,* and a score of others are no more difficult or expensive to possess. The notion that lilies are faddy is dispelled here once and for all. Many may be cultivated with the ease of delphiniums in the open border, and above all may be raised from seed, *regale, Wardii, Henryi* and others flowering in two years, *philippinense* and *formosum* often in six months. All this, however, and every other phase of lily culture, is dealt with admirably by Messrs. Woodcock and Coutts. It is not for the reviewer to steal their thunder: he can only echo it with appropriate applause.

Of the two remaining books, Mr. Bean's is a reprint of an extremely handy and well-informed little work, now revised and brought up to date, with new illustrations. Lady Rockley's survey of the flowers of the British Empire, at first sight a pompous and slightly top-heavy work, is in reality a fascinating treatise, with illustrations of Canadian, South African, New Zealand and Australian native flowers that will drive any ambitious gardener either to drink or the nearest shipping office.

H. E. BATES

SHORTER NOTICES

The Constitutional History of the Cinque Ports. By K. M. E. MURRAY. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

As interesting as it is erudite, this monograph treats of the Cinque Ports from their appearance in history; through the years of their greatest power in the thirteenth century and the elaboration of their confederacy in the fourteenth, to the day when their sea service ceased to have value and their ancient prestige became legendary. In the course of her investigation Miss Murray has been able to clear up many disputed points with regard to the antiquity of the rights of the Ports, and of the nature of their confederacy. Evidence is forthcoming that gives weight to many ancient claims; though others, such as that the confederacy resembled that of the Hanse Towns, or that the Ports possessed the equivalent of Palatinate rights, are seen to be without foundation. The power of the Ports was at its height during the Baronial Wars, when the piratical nature of the services rendered made their seamen valued and feared. Miss Murray deals at length with the Courts of Shepway and Brodhull, with the varied functions of the Warden, and with the long-drawn-out quarrel of the Ports with the men of Yarmouth. The book indeed is a valuable footnote to history, and the precursor, one hopes, of the economic story of the Ports, of which we are given many inviting glimpses.

George Washington: An English Judgment. By MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Count Michael de la Bedoyere opens his story of Washington somewhat unhappily when he quotes an exclamatory remark of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that the world in which she lived was a " dirty world," and gives it the implication that the world in which Washington lived was cleaner: the " God's Own World " touch which makes so much American history suspect. But he does not labour the point; as how could he when he tells the story of Washington's political life in the post-Revolutionary years? The closing lines of the judgment are perhaps the truest in the book, for with the death of Washington the secret of his greatness perished; that is, of course, if he was great and there was a secret. Count Michael, however, does make a rather dull hero interesting, and in so far as the man was great, what made him great and his memory survive calumny is seen in this biography to have been his fundamental integrity. His attraction for English readers will probably be found in his correspondence, which is quoted freely and makes lively reading. The figure of the Father of his Country is perhaps a little obscured by the historical canvas on which it is painted, but even historically Count Michael has made a threadbare tale as engaging as could be expected.

Sir George Alexander and The St. James' Theatre. By A. E. W. MASON. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Of George Alexander it may indeed be said that he should have died hereafter, for his too early death coincided with a period in the history of the theatre when the steadying influence of his technical efficiency, his shrewd judgment, and his civilised urbanity were most sorely needed.

MOSCOW FESTIVAL THEATRE

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Mr. Mason writes of his friend's career, especially at "The St. James's," with knowledge and enthusiasm, doing full justice to his ability as actor, producer, and manager. He also writes of Alexander's colleagues, playwrights and actors, from personal knowledge and from their correspondence. To Alexander's courtesy towards all with whom he came in contact Mr. Mason bears eloquent witness. The "author" was never a nonentity at "The St. James's" while Alexander was in control; nowhere was there more perfect collaboration between all the parties to the play. For the play was the thing under an actor-manager who never crabbed or grudged a fellow actor's success. Mr. Mason has many good stories to tell; and, incidentally, has given us so many details of the successes and failures at "The St. James's," that we are able to compare the conditions in the theatre then with those obtaining to-day.

Week-end Competitions

No. 283

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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 23rd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 281

Set by Martin Armstrong

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Sonnet, each line of which is a line from a well-known poet. No poet may be represented by more than two of the fourteen lines, nor must these two appear consecutively in the Sonnet, though they may have been consecutive in their original context. For fear that the competitor should be better read than the setter, or should borrow the culture of a Dictionary of Quotations, references to sources must be given.

Report by Martin Armstrong

During the spring and summer months of every year an enormous number of bad Sonnets are manufactured in the English-speaking countries, but the output for the brief period allowed to this competition must surely have broken all records. The majority of competitors launched out with a fine abandonment of grammar, prosody, coherence, sense, or of the rules I laid down. Never, since we lost Ella Wheeler Wilcox, has so much bad verse been turned out in so short a time, and all (in the present case) constructed out of the best materials. The competition was therefore extremely easy to judge. Seven entries emerged at once above the general welter, and there was no doubt about the three best. Easily first is C. Fraser's "African Warfare," and A. W. Cooke's and H.C.M.'s come next. Of these two, A. W. Cooke's has more singleness and concentration, though H.C.M.'s, especially the sestet, is highly commendable. Two of the poets from whom A. W. Cooke has drawn are unknown to me, but I take them on trust.

I recommend C. Fraser for First Prize and A. W. Cooke for Second, and H.C.M. is V.H.C.

FIRST PRIZE

AFRICAN WARFARE

Under the leopard sky of lurid stars (Chesterton : Nightmare).
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen (Spenser : Faerie Queene).
Like wolves and serpents to their mutual wars (Shelley : Revolt of Islam).
Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen (Pope : Rape of the Lock).
With triumph entertained, and glorified (Spenser : Faerie Queene).
In lacquered panoplies the chiefs parade (Flecker : Taoping).
The vestments broidered with barbaric pride (Wordsworth : On the Portrait of Henry VIII).
And shadow against shadow is arrayed (A. E. : Shadows and Lights).
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies (Shakespeare : Rape of Lucrece).
Strewn in the saltness of the desert sand (Masefield : Sonnet "Like bones the ruins, etc.").
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies (Pope : Rape of the Lock).
While avarice and rapine share the land (Milton : Sonnet to Fairfax).
Listen awhile ye nations and be dumb (Keats : Sonnet to Haydon).
Beneath the maddened rolling of Death's drum (Nichols : Orestes to the Furies).

C. FRASER

SECOND PRIZE

1. That God forbid that made me first your slave (Shakespeare : Sonnet).
2. That we who part in love should meet again (Wordsworth : River Duddon).
3. Viewing our peace and war with like disdain (Diana Craik : Guns of Peace).
4. It may be somewhere that we shall have leave (Allingham : Autumn Sonnet).
5. To live, and act, and serve the future hour (Wordsworth : After Thoughts, River Duddon).
6. Calm with the calm that lists not of decay (Robertson : The Lost Ideal of the World).
7. Or to await some more transcendent dower (De Vere : Her Beauty).
8. In the soft dawn of a diviner day (Buchanan : Quiet Waters).
9. Since there is no help, come let us kiss and part (Drayton).

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All Communications should be addressed:
NEW STATESMAN & NATION, *The Week-end Review*,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1

10. All we have proved, no more is there to know (Austin : Love's Wisdom).
11. Then shalt thou see me smile and turn apart* (Rossetti : Home of Life).
12. Neath self-suppression veiling inner glow (Palgrave : In Memory of F.C.C.).
13. And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart (Drayton).
14. Kiss me and part ; no further can we go (Austin : Love's Wisdom).

* Lord Thurlow, in his sonnet " To a bird " rhymes impart with part.

A. W. COOKE

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day (Gray : Elegy in a Country Churchyard).
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear (Drummond : To His Lute).
Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere (Shelley : Ode to the West Wind).
Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ? (Keats : Ode to Autumn).
Where are the merry birds ? Away, away (Hood : Ode to Autumn).
But welcome fortitude and patient cheer (Wordsworth : Nature and the Poet).
There is delight in singing, tho' none hear (Landor : Sonnet to Robert Browning).
Rise, resty muse, my love's sweet face survey (Shakespeare : Sonnet).
Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes (Randolph : To a Mistress).
Like snow upon the dusty desert's face (Fitzgerald : Omar Khayyam).
Under the languid downfall of her hair (Hood : Ode to Autumn).
The light of love, the purity of grace (Byron : Bride of Abydos).
With stillness that is almost Paradise (Rossetti : Rest).
Earth has not anything to shew more fair (Wordsworth : Upon Westminster Bridge).

H. C. M.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 138.—VILLAGE IDYLL

" A lot of confetti about," I said, when I arrived the other night at Nuptials.

" Ay," said old Gloom, the sexton. " And not surprising neither. A quintuple wedding we've just had, Mr. Caliban. Five of 'em at one go. Young Smith, young Farmer, young Baker, young Driver and young Carter."

" Whom've they married ? " I asked. " Village girls ? "

" Why, sure. In fact, it's a family party, as you might say."

" How so ? "

" Each one of 'em have married the sister of one of the other five. For instance, Elsie Baker have married young Smith. So each of the five old 'uns have become a father-in-law twice over."

" What, you mean that in each of the five families a brother and sister have got married ? "

" That's so."

" Very odd," I said. " I might make a puzzle about it."

" Bless you, zur, " said old Gloom, " I can tell you something much more puzzling than that. Each of these five fellows that've got married has a vocation (as they call it) which is the same as one of the other's names—"

" No two of them the same vocation ? "

" No two of them the same vocation. And, what's more, none of them have married the girl whose maiden name were the same as his own vocation ! "

I thought all this very strange and set out to collect further data. But all I could discover was :

(1) That young Driver's fiancée was the baker's sister ;
(2) That the carter married Dorothy Smith ;
(3) That the baker married the carter's sister.

Who married Phyllis Driver ?

Caliban is on holiday for a fortnight. Problem 139 will be published next week, but the solutions of Problems 136, 137, and awards 135, 136 will stand over until Caliban's return.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

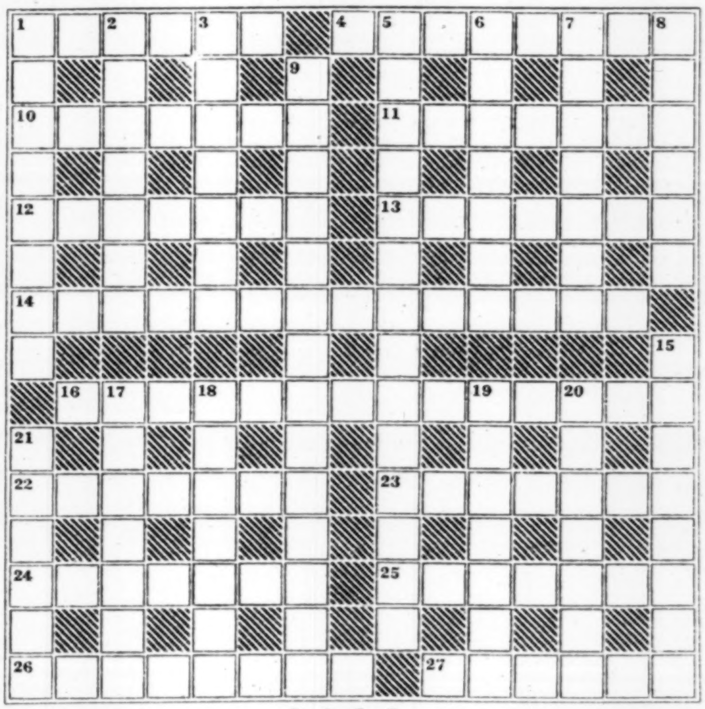
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 284

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
R. L. Griffin, 70 Oakley Street, S.W.3.

ACROSS

1. Square restraints.
4. Fought in a condemned way.
10. How much tar makes a good job of it.
11. One sort of cow catcher ?
12. Bird that distinguishes the Oxford or Cambridge athlete.
13. Booked up in a manner of speaking.
14. Present description of All Fool's Day.
16. Stories that have been cooked ?
22. Two Ifs, and the cat for a low fellow.
23. Stately leader in the Dominions.
24. Flaming movement plurally pictorial.
25. Sweet young thing who will presently be caned.
26. It's warm in the outhouse.
27. A phenomenally spirited sitting, no doubt.

DOWN

1. Customs of the county in short.
2. Especially an English river.
3. Where the Indian air mail lands.
5. They clean piles of stuff.
6. " His bravoes of ——. and pages of Whitehall." (Macaulay.)
7. Port of the Conca d'Oro.
8. Is this how the mechanised cavalry jeer ?
9. The power of coppers.
15. The sergeant will turn goodwill to ill-will.
17. Alternatively whether the water's frozen.
18. What the Lancers do to the peg.
19. Dramatic show place.
20. He fought for a 5*s*. stake.
21. 8*s*.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

R	A	T	A	B	L	E	▨	B	E	H	E	A	D	S
A	▨	I	▨	R	▨	T	▨	U	▨	A	▨	L	▨	A
I	N	T	R	O	I	T	▨	G	A	R	B	L	E	D
L	▨	B	▨	K	▨	R	▨	B	▨	D	▨	G	▨	N
W	H	I	T	E	M	I	C	E	▨	L	O	O	S	E
A	▨	T	▨	▨	▨	C	▨	A	▨	I	▨	N	▨	S
Y	A	S	H	M	A	K	▨	R	U	N	N	E	R	S
▨	▨	▨	▨	A	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	E	▨	▨	▨	▨
B	L	A	C	K	E	D	▨	R	O	S	E	B	U	D
E	▨	R	▨	E	▨	I	▨	A	▨	▨	▨	E	▨	E
C	U	T	U	P	▨	L	I	G	H	T	B	L	U	E
A	▨	I	▨	E	▨	U	▨	T	▨	H	▨	D	▨	P
U	P	S	T	A	R	T	▨	I	C	E	C	A	P	S
S	▨	T	▨	C	▨	E	▨	M	▨	M	▨	M	▨	E
E	Y	E	L	E	T	S	▨	E	V	E	R	E	S	T

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

TO BUY OR SELL, THAT IS THE QUESTION—COURTAULDS AND DISTILLERS—CEMENT AND AIRCRAFT SHARES—AMERICAN UTILITIES

A VULGAR and inconsiderate reader has asked me whether I paid for my holiday by buying the ordinary shares which I recommended on July 13th. I am too proud (and poor) to reply. Certainly, these shares would have made good travelling companions. The rises which they have scored are shown in the following table :—

	Price July 13th.	Present Price.	Dividends Last.	Dividends Estd.	Gross Yield % on estimated dividend at present price.
	Building and Construction.				
Associated Portland Cement	53/9	59/-	10	12½	£4 4 9
British Portland Cement..	4 9/16	4 13/16	17½	22½	4 13 6
Turner & Newall, Ltd. ..	56/6	59/6	10	12½	4 4 0
	Electrical Engineering.				
General Electric	57/9	61/-	10	12½	4 2 0
Associated Electrical ..	35/-	37/10½	5	7½	3 19 3
	Consumption Goods.				
Carreras £1 " A " ..	8¼	8 7/16	35	40	4 15 0
Courtaulds	59/3	59/3	7½ net	9 net	3 18 3
	Armaments.				
Handley Page 8/- non-cum. 10% part. pref...	25/-	27/6	15	17½	5 1 9
Bristol 10/-	53/3	65/9	30*	25	3 16 0

* On new capital, equivalent rate would be 23.4%.

Of course, this was a good selection, but in contemplating these rises some allowance must be made for market conditions in the "silly season." Jobbers are carrying very little stock on their books, and the unseasonably strong demand for British industrial shares has therefore had an exaggerated effect on prices. The question therefore arises whether any or all of these shares should now be sold. Originally I recommended their purchase only on a reaction. On a short view I am therefore tempted to recommend their sale. Particularly Courtaulds. After I had written the paragraph for the issue of July 13th the directors of Courtaulds declared an interim dividend of 2½ per cent. tax free (against 1½ per cent. tax free) but added the following warning: "The interim dividend is declared with the object of more nearly equalising dividends. The present trading position does not warrant the expectation of a higher total distribution than for 1934 While business in England is satisfactory, prospects in America are not encouraging." Later the American subsidiary increased its prices, presumably to restore its profit margins. It was therefore rash to estimate an increase in the Courtaulds dividend. On the basis of the 1934 dividend of 7½ per cent. tax free the shares at the present price would yield only £3 5*s.* 3*d.* per cent. gross. An exchange into Distillers at 96/3 to yield £4 3*s.* 3*d.* per cent. might prove profitable. The late Lord Woolavington had the reputation of being conservative in his dividend policy. Now that he has gone to a better place, rumour has it that the shareholders of Distillers will see better times. If the dividend were increased from 20 per cent. to 22½ per cent. the yield on Distillers would be £4 13*s.* 6*d.* per cent.

* * *

Cement and aircraft shares have had a fillip on special news. A jobber's memorandum circulated in the market estimates the effect of the 2*s.* rise in cement prices on the "Blue Circle" group. British Portland should earn, it declares, an extra dividend of 10 per cent., and if only half these extra earnings are distributed, Associated Portland should earn another 7 per cent. and pay a total dividend of 15 per cent. The "equities in death" received support on the circulation of another market memorandum, showing how the Air Ministry orders would be distributed. Bristol comes out on top, for it has received orders for twelve squadrons of the fast new "Mercury" bombers. Apparently, to organise our defences in the air we must prepare to bomb civilians abroad. Handley Page will therefore come into their own.

* * *

The armaments boom affects the shipbuilding companies on the Clyde and the North East coast. Tenders will shortly be invited for the nineteen contract-built vessels of the naval programme ordered for the current financial year. It is almost certain that the public will run up the shipbuilding shares to absurdly high prices. The iron and steel recovery, also, is bound to be over-discounted. The home markets can be stabilised and even expanded as the boom in capital goods shifts from houses to instruments of war, but let us not forget that we cannot legislate a revival in international trade and that cartel agreements do not necessarily increase our exports. In short, let us keep our heads if we would keep our money. The situation abroad is dangerous enough to warrant taking some of our profits.

* * *

Wall Street being in a state of mind, and the state of mind being bullish, American stocks have continued to rise. This is probably the most intelligent comment one can make on Wall Street. The psychologists are predicting that the peak of the present advance will be reached on the adjournment of Congress in September, when the market is expected to boil over with bullishness and then quieten down as the elections draw near. For the moment the utility stocks have been leading the field. In view of the independent attitude of the House of Representatives it seems that the "death sentence" clause will be removed from the Utility Bill. Even if it is not, the administration of the Bill will probably be left to the discretion of the Securities Exchange Commission, which means that nothing very drastic will happen. In any case the Supreme Court will declare the Bill unconstitutional sooner or later. The following table gives three utility stocks which are still favoured :—

	Low Prices 1935.	Present Price.	Dividends 1934.	Current Dividend Rate.	Dividend Yield %
North American..	9	23⅝	0.62½ +3% stock	1.00	4.23 on $1.00
United Gas Improvement ..	9¼	17¾	1.20	1.00	5.63 on $1.00
Public Service of N.J.	20⅜	43⅞	2.90	2.80	6.38 on $2.80

United Gas Improvement, in addition to its subsidiary companies, holds over two million shares of the common stock of Public Service Corporation of New Jersey.

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ALHAMBRA.	**Tulip Time.**	Wed. & Sat.
COLISEUM.	**Gay Deceivers.**	Wed., Sat.
DRURY LANE.	**Glamorous Night.**	W. & S.
DUCHESS.	**Night Must Fall.**	Wed., Sat.
HIPPODROME.	**Love Laughs—!**	Th. & Sat.
LYRIC.	**Tovarich.**	Wed., Thurs.
QUEEN'S.	**Wind & the Rain.**	Wed. & Sat.
S.MARTIN'S.	**The Two Mrs. Carrolls.**	Tu.,F.
STRAND.	**1066 and All That.**	Tu. & Thurs.
VICTORIA PALACE.	**Vintage Wine.**	W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S.	**Sweet Aloes.**	Wed. & Sat.

THEATRES

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By Michael Egan.

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Evenings, 8.15 Thursday, Saturday, 2.30.
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MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

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LYRIC. (Ger. 3686). 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
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